

THE MONTH

MARCH 1957

IRELAND TO-DAY

PARTITION

W. J. WHITE

LANE PICTURES

LORD MOYNE

IMMIGRATION

JOHN CARMEL HEENAN

MISSIONARY WORK

LEON O'BROIN

RESTORING IRISH

PETER BIRCH

AGRICULTURE

HENRY KENNEDY

ECONOMIC POLICY

JAMES MEENAN

WRITING

DENIS DONOGHUE

THEATRE

GABRIEL FALLON

PAINTING

JAMES WHITE

SCULPTURE

DOROTHY COLE

STAINED GLASS

MÁIRÍN ALLEN

ARCHITECTURE

CHARLES ALIAGA KELLY

REVIEWS

JAMES BRODRICK

WILFRID PASSMORE

MYLES DILLON

WULSTAN PHILLIPSON

SIR SHANE LESLIE

New Series
Vol. 17. No. 3

3s. net.
U.S. 50 c.

VOL. CCIII



No. 1075



Bridegroom and Bride

By Ronald A. Knox

8/6 net

"The bridegroom told me, with admirable candour, exactly what he wanted: 'You know—the kind of thing for which five minutes is too short and ten minutes is too long'. " He being the Earl Marshal of England, this view of the niceties of wedding-sermon etiquette had some authority: and Mgr. Knox has stuck to it manfully since. Hence this collection is something of a sermon-audience's dream; not a dull or superfluous word, yet the matter pressed down, shaken together and running over.

Doctor Rabelais

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

18/- net

Since the present book combines long, strong enduring affection for one of the comic geniuses of all time with no particular reverence for the Rabelaisian Oracle booming *ex cathedra* it may be considered, in this sense, a departure startlingly new and breathlessly original.

The Abbé Pierre Speaks

(A collection of his talks, broadcast and otherwise)

Illustrated

12/6 net

Anyone who has heard Abbé Pierre speak will recognise his words and the very tone of his voice in this book. Here we have the record of his tragedies and his great achievements recorded in the lectures he has given. There are pictures too, illustrating the great efforts he and his workers are making to overcome the misery with which they are faced.

SHEED & WARD, LTD.
33 MAIDEN LANE, LONDON, W.C.2

Pictures in Church: No. 314

Leaving Italian art at the point at which the Renaissance has changed the direction of men's minds for ever, it is fascinating to turn to Spanish art and watch how the same ideas had a different expression and produced almost the opposite effect.

The Renaissance in Italy quite certainly robbed its art of its purest spiritual values, although the compensations were many.

In Spain it was different. The Renaissance evoked no great or immediate response to the new ideas from Italy. Spain suspected its pagan forms and its humanism did not appeal. Instead a profound religious sentiment gained strength, and the widening horizon brought to the Spaniard a deeper and more mystical understanding of his religion.

The medieval world never completely disappeared from Spain, but when its first retreat was sounded, at least one great artist was working at the time who assimilated the Italian message and converted it into currency which his country could use. This artist was Pedro Berruguete.

In Valencia a group of artists took upon themselves the mantle of Raphael and Leonardo, and in Andalusia and Estremadura, the extremists and the mannerists were popular. Typical of the emotional Renaissance style that Spain was to adopt is this Our Lady of Sorrows—a favourite Spanish devotion.



Our Lady of Sorrows, a painting by Luis Morales in the Sacristy of Toledo Cathedral (about 1570).

On 8th August 1950 *The Catholic Herald* started a feature 'Pictures in Church', the first reproduction being Volto Santo in Lucca, said to be the first Christian work of Art. Since then, despite constant changes that are involved in newspaper work, this feature has endured, and Miss Iris Conlay, who has been responsible for this series, has only reached the latter decades of the sixteenth century. There is plenty to come. It has become an excellent illustrated story of Catholic art.

The above reproduction is No. 314 in the series. Further illustrations will be found every week in

THE CATHOLIC HERALD

Christ, Our Lady and the Church

YVES M. J. CONGAR, O.P.

Translated by HENRY ST JOHN, O.P.

This book is designed to improve understanding between Anglicans and Protestants and members of the Church of Rome. It falls into two parts. The first part considers the fundamental differences between Catholics and Anglicans on Christ, Mary and the Church. The second part criticises some Catholic theologians, and some manifestations of Catholic devotion which would appear to be monophysitical in tendency. The whole forms an excellent crystallisation, and serves to move to fundamentals a debate which too often is conducted about details.

8s. 6d. net

Catholicism and the Ecumenical Movement

J. M. TODD

"A book on this subject has long been needed. Mr. John Todd has a wide grasp of his subject, and he brings to bear on it an infectious enthusiasm. Anyone who has thought deeply about the ecumenical movement . . . will accord, if not instant assent, at least a sympathetic hearing to almost every statement made and position taken up by Mr. Todd."—*The Tablet*.

6s. 6d. net

Hymns of the Roman Liturgy

JOSEPH CONNELLY

This will be a most welcome book to would-be users of the Roman Breviary. Each hymn is printed in the original text with the English translation alongside, together with explanatory notes and some indication of the authorship.

25s. net

Three White Veils for Alessandra

LUCY PRARIO

Alessandra di Rudini had everything which by worldly standards should have made her happy. This is the compelling story of her restless life in search of true serenity, and its three high points—the white veils of first communion, marriage, and, finally, a Carmelite nun. "The book is cinematic in atmosphere. The scene is always visually sharp, however much it changes. The emotions succeeding one another are always fully registered."—*Times Literary Supplement*.

18s. net

LONGMANS

The Last Migration

VINCENT CRONIN

Vincent Cronin recently travelled to Southern Persia to investigate one of the nomad tribes living there; and in this book he recounts a single year in their annals, a crucial year when the tribe's whole way of life was threatened by a corrupt government. He shows the tribe facing this new struggle for survival against a background of age-old day-to-day routine; but the book is also a biography, concerned with one man, the Ilkhan, who has absolute command of his tribe.

16s.



BOOKS BY VINCENT CRONIN

The Golden Honeycomb

'The magic of Sicily is captured in this beautifully written and profoundly perceptive work' *THE TIMES*. 'The writing is scholarly, perceptive and fine. . . . It is a piece of work which is not only brilliant, but thorough and accomplished'

REX WARNER

18s.

The Wise Man from the West

'Mr. Cronin describes with sympathy and imagination, and in a happy blend of artistry and scholarship, the course of Ricci's life from the early days in the Society of Jesus to his death in 1660 in Peking . . . a book which does for once deserve the all too lightly distributed adjective "outstanding"' *NEW STATESMAN*

18s.

RUPERT HART-DAVIS

The Case of Cornelia Connelly

By JULIANA WADHAM. "Her book is unsentimental, often most amusing and uncommonly well written. That she was a most remarkable woman is proved by this fine account of her career."—RAYMOND MORTIMER, SUNDAY TIMES. *Illustrated, 16s.*

The Archbishop and the Lady

By MICHAEL DE LA BEDOYERE. "A fascinating book. Any book that can so entrance the reader as to make him vehemently indignant about what happened 260 years ago must be remarkable."—HUGH DELARGY, M.P., BLACKFRIARS. *Illustrated 16s.*

The Story of Thomas More

By JOHN FARROW. "This most original and lovable of saints. Even those who know the story well will find here an unusually vivid presentation of More's tragedy . . . further enhanced by Jean Cherlot's admirable drawings."

—BIRMINGHAM POST. *Illustrated, 16s.*

The Open Book Edited by Pamela Whitlock

"A book into which every member of the family can dip, and find something for profit and pleasure . . . modern parables, lively puzzles, a charming collection of prayers, . . . stories of the saints, delightful carols for all seasons."

—ROSEMARY HEDDON, BLACKFRIARS. *Illustrated, 12s. 6d.*

Fontana Books

"It is encouraging to find religious books of this quality made available to thousands of new readers."—BLACKFRIARS

Gerald Vann, O.P. THE DIVINE PITY. "At 2s. this book answers the demands of so many readers that our best Catholic books should appear at a price within reach of most pockets."

—CATHOLIC HERALD 2s.

C. S. Lewis. THE PROBLEM OF PAIN, 2s. MERE CHRISTIANITY, 2s. THE SCREWTAPE LETTERS, 2s.

Georges Bernanos. THE DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST, 2s. 6d.

Just out, THE CONFESSIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE, 2s. 6d.

COLLINS

POLICY FOR THE WEST

Ion Ratiu

'A book full of fiery inspiration . . . his pages breathe the spirit of those who were fighting Russian tanks in Budapest.'

Observer

'He presents much more than a policy for the West; it is a policy for the free world and deserves study.'

Sunday Times

'A writer of immense learning and immense lucidity of thought.'

Tablet

16s.

THE HARVILL PRESS

PROBLEMS IN THEOLOGY

Vol. 1 The Sacraments

John McCarthy, D.D., D.C.L.

Difficult and pertinent questions on the theology of the Sacraments are answered with thoroughness and lucidity by a noted authority.

40/- net.

PROBLEMS IN CANON LAW

William Conway, D.D., D.C.L.

In answering complex and delicate questions on Canon law, Dr. Conway gives a thorough but succinct exposition of the principles involved.

30/- net.

THE GREAT FAMINE

R. Dudley Edwards and T. Desmond Williams

A group of competent writers describe and discuss the many aspects of the 1845 Irish famine. A highly interesting and informative work.

30/- net.

From All Booksellers

BROWNE & NOLAN of DUBLIN

*Press comments on two new
books from Nelson*

ATLAS OF THE BIBLE

L. H. Grollenberg OP

translated and edited by

JOYCE M. H. REID and Prof. H. H. ROWLEY

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT 'The best work of its kind . . . absolutely indispensable to any intelligent study of the Bible. . . . The format is worthy of its subject . . . surprisingly cheap for the wealth of matter supplied.'

THE TABLET 'The title *Atlas* should not mislead anyone; it is in fact a handbook or guide to the Bible. . . . The whole book, maps, text, and illustrations, is beautifully produced.'

THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN 'Lavishly illustrated and most handsomely turned out. An amazing amount of information has been provided in the maps without any overcrowding.'

THE UNIVERSE 'A splendidly produced book of unique importance is the *Atlas of the Bible*. . . . Here, by means of a 60,000-word text, 35 maps and 400 photographs, the course of Biblical history and geography is re-created. To open any page is to go upon an absorbing and authenticated journey of exploration.'

35 maps in eight colours, two end-paper maps in six colours, 408 photographs in gravure, 26-page index 14 in. x 10½ in. 166 pp. 70s

OUR FAITH

The Rt. Rev. John C. Heenan, Bishop of Leeds

THE CATHOLIC HERALD 'Our Faith, by Bishop Heenan is the kind of book for which young Catholics and their parents have long been waiting . . . it will help to make good young Catholics better, stronger Catholics. It is all written in simple language and in short sentences—in other words, in the best positive English, suitable for the young, but just as suitable for the most learned.'

THE TABLET 'Not a few of those who may be described as habitual non-readers, will want it. . . . Our Faith should be the obvious Confirmation gift for a long time.'

THE CATHOLIC TIMES 'Bishop Heenan, of Leeds, has just written an important and much needed book for young people. . . . The style is forthright and fluent, and many grown-up readers will turn to it for a simple explanation of the Catholic faith.'

Bound in white Linson vellum

12s 6d

36 PARK STREET

NELSON

LONDON, W.1

"A Book everyone interested in the fiction of our time will have to read." WALTER ALLEN

THE VANISHING HERO

by Sean O'Faolain

(21/- net)

"Very interesting and very idiosyncratic. . . he does express himself with such clarity and such point."

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON
(B.B.C. Critics)

"His essays on Huxley, Waugh, Graham Greene, Hemingway, Faulkner, Elizabeth Bowen and Virginia Woolf are shrewd, witty and rewarding . . . the writing bristles with ideas."

ROGER SHARROCK
(The Tablet)

— EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE —

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BOOKSHOP

FOYLES
+ FOR BOOKS +

FAMED CENTRE FOR

Catholic Books

*New, secondhand and rare Books on every subject.
Stock of over three million volumes.*

JOIN THE CATHOLIC BOOK CLUB

You buy outstanding Catholic books (published at 10/6, 12/6, 15/-)
for ONLY 4/-. Write today for details!

119-125 CHARING CROSS ROAD LONDON WC2

Gerrard 5660 (20 lines) ★ Quick postal service

Nearest Station: Tottenham Court Road

The Story of Ireland

BRIAN INGLIS

"So excellent, so commendable, so much the book to thrust into the hands of the intelligent visitor who wants to know something of this puzzling little island."

LENNOX ROBINSON, *The Observer*

With 9 plates, a map and diagram. 16/-

Faber & Faber

THREE PAMPHLETS

Psychiatry and Catholic Thought

by DR. E. B. STRAUSS

1s. 2d. (including postage)

Ignatius of Loyola by

DONAL O'SULLIVAN, S.J.

1s. 2d. (including postage)

Recent Converts Explain. Statements by thirteen recent Convert Clergy. (40 pp.)

2s. 2d. (including postage)

Obtainable from

THE MONTH

114 Mount Street, London, W.1

DENT Ireland for Everyman

H. A. Piehler

New Edition. With 20 coloured contour maps, on a scale of 12 miles to an inch. This popular book in the *Everyman Guides* (England, Scotland, Wales, London, Paris) has been thoroughly revised and brought up to date by the author with the co-operation of the Irish Tourist Association (Fogra Fáilté) and the Northern Ireland Tourist Board.

8/6

Portrait of Pius XII

by Nazareno Padellaro

A full-length Study of the Sovereign Pontiff; his origins, his upbringing, his labours for the Church of Christ, and his work as one of the leading figures in Europe's struggle against the new barbarism. Translated by Michael Derrick.

"The book that so many here have been waiting for. It is full, clear, detailed; as moving, instructive and interesting as has been the life of the Pope."—*Catholic Herald*.

16 pages of photographs.

25/-

Just published Cathedral and Crusade

H. Daniel-Rops
de l'Académie Française

Studies of the Medieval Church, 1050-1350; the most important volume in M. Daniel-Rops's *Histoire de l'Église du Christ*. Translated by John Warrington.

656 pages with 8 maps in text. 42/-

THE MONTH

New Series

MARCH 1957

VOL. 17 No. 3

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE IRISH IMMIGRANTS—LIABILITY OR ASSET?	
<i>John Carmel Heenan, Bishop of Leeds</i>	139
ECONOMIC POLICY	<i>James Meenan</i> 144
PARTITION	<i>W. J. White</i> 151
MISSIONARY WORK 1915-1956	<i>Leon O'Broin</i> 158
IRISH AGRICULTURE	<i>Henry Kennedy</i> 165
RESTORING IRISH	<i>Peter Birch</i> 172
IRISH WRITING	<i>Denis Donoghue</i> 180
THE LANE PICTURES	<i>Lord Moyne</i> 186
RELIGIOUS SCULPTURE	<i>Dorothy Cole</i> 192
STAINED GLASS	<i>Máirín Allen</i> 195
PAINTING	<i>James White</i> 200
CHURCH ARCHITECTURE	<i>Charles Aliaga Kelly</i> 203
THEATRE	<i>Gabriel Fallon</i> 206
REVIEWS	209

The Month is edited from 114 Mount Street, W.1, GROsvenor 2995, and published by Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd., 6 & 7 Clifford Street, London, W.1. Subscriptions may be addressed to any bookseller, or, in Great Britain, direct to the Publishers; in U.S.A. to British Publications, Inc., 30 East 60th Street, New York 22, N.Y.; in France to W. H. Smith & Son, 248 Rue de Rivoli, Paris. The annual subscription is 32s. 6d.. U.S.A. \$6.

IRISH EMBASSY, LONDON.

17, Grosvenor Place,
S.W.1.
14th February, 1957

DEAR FATHER CARAMAN,

I was glad to learn that you proposed to devote the March issue of *THE MONTH* to a series of articles on different aspects of Irish life. Now that I have had an opportunity of reading the text I feel sure that the special number can do much to give your readers, and especially those readers who are not very familiar with Ireland a useful knowledge of some of our national problems and of our activities in various fields. While naturally not every statement in each of the articles will command universal assent, they do give a valuable conspectus of the questions treated. I would, therefore, like to congratulate you on your initiative and to express the hope that the Irish Number of *THE MONTH* will reach a wide public.

Yours sincerely,

C. C. CREMIN
Ambassador.

The Rev. PHILIP CARAMAN, S.J.,
Editor, *THE MONTH*.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

MÁIRÍN ALLEN: author and art critic. REV. PETER BIRCH: Professor of Education and Lecturer in Catechetics, Maynooth. FR. JAMES BRODRICK, S.J.: author of *St. Robert Bellarmine*, *St. Peter Canisius*, etc. DOROTHY COLE: worked in Paris for the *New York Times*; writes on painting and sculpture in *The Irish Architect and Contractor*. MYLES DILLON: a Senior Professor in School of Celtic Studies in Institute of Advanced Studies, Dublin. DENIS DONOGHUE: Lecturer in English Literature at University College, Dublin. GABRIEL FALLON: formerly Abbey Theatre actor and producer; drama critic, *Evening Press*; Lecturer on Theatre, Board of Extra-Mural Studies, University College. DR. JOHN C. HEENAN, Bishop of Leeds: author and broadcaster; formerly Superior of the Catholic Missionary Society. CHARLES ALIAGA KELLY: Senior Planning Assistant and Landscape Architect to the Corporation of Dublin. HENRY KENNEDY: Secretary of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society. SIR SHANE LESLIE: member of the Irish Academy; numerous publications include *The Life of Mrs. Fitzherbert*, *Cardinal Gasquet*. JAMES MEENAN: Lecturer in Applied Economics in University College; Secretary of the Royal Dublin Society. LORD MOYNE: author, novelist and poet; publications include *Landscape with Figures*, *Lady Crushwell's Companion*, etc. LEON O'BROIN: Head of the Department of Posts and Telegraphs, Dublin; associated with developments in Irish broadcasting, etc. DOM WILFRID PASSMORE, O.S.B.: Headmaster of Downside School. DOM WULSTAN PHILLIPSON, O.S.B.: monk of Downside Abbey, contributor to *Downside Review*. JAMES WHITE: Lecturer in the National Gallery of Ireland. Has organised exhibitions including *Fifty Years of Irish Painting*, *Drawings of Paul Klee*, etc. W. J. WHITE: Literary Editor, *Irish Times*.

THE IRISH IMMIGRANTS —LIABILITY OR ASSET?

By

JOHN CARMEL HEENAN

Bishop of Leeds

A SPEAKER in a debate on West Indians in the House of Lords recently declared that tales of their misbehaviour are quite unfounded. "The West Indians," the noble Lord continued, "are much better behaved than the Irish." Whether this was intended as a compliment to the West Indians, or merely as a slur on the Irish, the report in Hansard does not make clear. We are not concerned, at the moment, with the West Indians. But it may be said in passing that, on the whole, it is true that they are well behaved. But their attitude to marriage is very different from that of Europeans. This may lead eventually to confusion and to accusations of immorality. The fact is that most West Indians are born in what are known as common-law marriages. The rate of illegitimacy is, therefore, astonishingly high. But this does not mean that West Indians are notably immoral or lustful. It means only that their traditions—largely a relic of the days of slavery—do not base home life on the sacrament of Holy Matrimony.

We are here concerned with Irish immigrants. I do not know why the Irish, rather than the Poles or the Italians, were chosen for comparison with the West Indians—not that it is profitable to compare any one set of immigrants with another. But if marriage and the home are taken as the main criterion of private morality, it is a slander to compare the Irish unfavourably with citizens of other nations. But let us follow the Lords' debate no further.

In considering Irish immigrants it is important to remember that generalisations about any race are bound to be misleading. Irish people coming to this country represent many diverse sections of the population—domestics, labourers, nurses, doctors

and teachers. This is to consider the immigrants only in terms of their calling. But to make any estimate it is necessary to divide each section further according to its place of origin. There is a world of difference between a country girl from the West and a typist from an office in Dublin or Cork. Other things being equal it is natural that an Irish boy or girl from a city will be able to withstand conditions in an industrial English town better than young people from Irish villages. I do not suggest that they have better characters or are firmer in faith. I merely point out that being already urbanised they are less likely to succumb to the temptations of life in a modern city.

It is well known that publicity is given not to those who lead law-abiding lives but to the law-breakers. Ninety-nine Irishmen who are industrious, attend Mass and the Sacraments, husband their resources and support poor relatives at home, never achieve an inch of press commentary. But the hundredth man, who drinks too much on Saturday night and hits his friend with a bottle, is likely to be awarded six inches in the press and six months in the local gaol. The reading public will wrongly assume that the drunkard is more typical of his race than the ninety-nine.

That, to my mind, is the significant feature of the popular estimate of Irish immigrants. One lost sheep is likely to ruin the reputation of the other ninety-nine. That is why it is important for Catholics to preserve a sense of balance. The priest who hears confessions every Saturday night in a city parish knows from their accents what proportion of his penitents are Irish. In my experience it is usually far more than 50 per cent. The Faithful attending Mass on Sunday have only to observe the numbers who have obviously come fairly recently from Ireland. I think it is right to say that the overwhelming majority of Irish Catholics who come to England continue to practise their Faith. This can be put in slightly different terms to make the point more impressive. I would say that if the products of our own parochial schools were as faithful as the young Irish boys and girls coming to us, the leakage problem would not need to be such a preoccupation to our clergy. But this is not to deny the existence of a serious problem. All priests in industrial areas know that Irish workers who come to this country as practising Catholics sometimes fall to the pagan level in which they are forced to live with surprising speed. I think there are several reasons for this tragedy. One

is the great shyness of people from the country. They find it difficult to mix with strangers. They do not make themselves known to the priests. The notices from the pulpit inviting parishioners to social events are not regarded as being addressed to them personally. Humanly speaking their sense of belonging to a Catholic community depends on whether or not they find other Irish Catholics with whom to associate.

There is this great difference between the Irish immigrant to Great Britain and to America. When an Irish boy goes to the United States he is conscious of beginning a new life. Despite the speed of air-travel he normally leaves home for ever when he sets out for the New World. Going to America entails long preparation. He has to have a visa and an American citizen's guarantee of subsistence. There must be a job awaiting him on his arrival. For this reason he almost always goes straight to relatives and friends. He not only becomes part of an Irish community but is welcomed by the people from his own county in Ireland. Within a matter of days he will be a member of the Cork or Offaly or Mayo Association. He has almost as much encouragement to continue to practise the Faith in America as he had at home. He may even have more: for his friends will protect him.

Going to England is a much more risky business. There is no great uprooting. There are no long preparations. A boy or girl needs only to have the fare in order to begin a new life. Those who come to England are so numerous that they cause no excitement among their friends already here. This is one of the major causes of the social insecurity young Irish people often feel on arrival. They seek friendships among their neighbours and those with whom they work. But most English people are not church-going. It is a shock to the spiritual life of youngsters, coming from a country where almost everybody is a devout Catholic, to find so few who think seriously of religion at all. Since these new friends are so decent and helpful it is not surprising that some immigrants begin to wonder if the importance of religion had not been exaggerated at home.

Yet those who stop going to Mass remain a small minority. Most who come add to our Sunday congregations. The new churches now being built all over the country have not become necessary because of any swollen stream of converts. Nor has our birth rate risen so steeply that our churches have become suddenly

too small. One of the chief reasons for the over-crowding of Catholic churches is the advent of so many practising Catholics from across the water.

We have heard so much about unworthy Irish immigrants that it is good to think of those splendid young men and women who are such valuable recruits to the ranks of the lay apostolate. The Sodality, the Legion of Mary, the Young Christian Workers, the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, the Knights of St. Columba and many other Catholic societies flourish partly because so many zealous lay apostles are among the immigrants. Such an important organisation as the Catholic Nurses' Guild, for example, would shrink to a shadow without the membership of the Irish nurses. Perhaps this is not so strange—for Ireland has always produced missionaries. There is a notable enthusiasm for the conversion of England among most Irish Catholics. The Irish famine over a century ago brought new life to the Catholic Church in this country—though it received less notice than the smaller movement of converts from Oxford. The Irish have not greatly changed. This second wave of Irish in search of work may be equally beneficial to the Church in this country. They will create problems. Space must be found in churches and schools. But with their well-known generosity the Irish are not likely to refuse to contribute to the buildings now being constructed and the many more soon to be needed.

This is a very one-sided account of the Irish in England. It is quite deliberately one-sided. There are so many—like the peer whose remarks I quoted above—who tell us of the number of Irish unmarried mothers and hordes of drunken Irishmen thrown out of public houses every Saturday night. It is fair, on occasion, to remember that most Irish mothers are exemplary wives. It is also useful to turn our gaze from the Saturday night drunks to the thousands of sober Irishmen who fill our churches on Sunday mornings.

A one-sided account would be dangerous only if it pretended to be a complete picture. Of the darker side to the Irish immigration I am well aware. Like all who have been engaged in pastoral work in city parishes I have been exasperated by the behaviour of many Irish workers. I have reasoned and remonstrated with young men who were regular in attending their Confraternity meetings at home but now confined their religious exercises to

the last Mass on Sunday (arriving late and standing at the back without prayer book or rosary) and Holy Communion once or twice a year. I have also tried to deal patiently with young Irish girls in domestic service or in factories. Their heads had been turned by the dance-halls, cinemas and the "gay" life so sharply contrasting with life in the village they left. I know that some Irish girls of this type decline rapidly and find their way into police courts. I know, too, that Rescue Societies often have a disproportionately large number of Irish names on their books.

All these things I know. But they are so often drawn to our attention that I gladly take this opportunity of putting the facts in some perspective.

I said that it is not profitable to compare one set of immigrants with another. But if comparison must be made it is fair to ask if there is any racial group in this country able to approach the record of the Irish in their attendance at Mass and the Sacraments? One of the common complaints made by clergy in this country is that Irish boys and girls come over here badly instructed in the Faith. That is probably true. It is also true that except for boys and girls who have a Grammar School education most children both here and in Ireland complete their school course with very little intellectual grasp of their religion. We are only gradually realising the need to give them training in apologetics. For under modern conditions familiarity with the catechism is not enough as an armour against the onslaught of the world, the devil and the normal temptations of adolescence. Both in England and in Ireland we need to give far more careful spiritual training to growing boys and girls. Serious efforts are now being made in this country. Similar steps doubtless have been taken in Ireland. But one fact seems clear: the paramount influence in character training is the example of parents and the atmosphere of the home. The effects of school life, though obviously important, are very secondary. The Irish who come from good Catholic homes are almost always a credit to those homes and an asset to English Catholic life. We may thank God that most of the Irish immigrants come from such homes.

ECONOMIC POLICY

By

JAMES MEENAN

IRISH ECONOMIC POLICY in the last thirty-five years has been dominated by two apparently obvious obligations. The task of an independent Irish State should be, first, to stem emigration and to halt the fall in population, second, to develop the resources of the country. Both tasks may well have appeared straightforward enough in 1922. It was accepted that emigration was due to the movement of population from the land, intensified by an unduly extensive agriculture, and to the fact that there were no industries in the cities to hold this movement. It was a commonplace to say that in Ireland, as everywhere else, there was a movement from the countryside to the cities, but that in Ireland the movement was from the Irish countryside to the cities of the United States. What was migration elsewhere became emigration in Irish conditions. The comparative lack of industrial development was blamed on the Legislative Union which, binding Ireland to the principles of British economic policy, forced free trade upon a country that needed protection against better-developed competitors. This line of thought was intensified by memories of the commercial prosperity which, under Grattan's Parliament, marked the last two decades of the eighteenth century. The Union, it was held, had prevented industrial development and, by doing so, had made emigration inevitable. Once the Union was ended, it would be possible for the Irish State to give the industrial protection which had been so sorely needed and, in doing so, to arrest the fall in population.

These propositions had received instinctive acceptance during the long struggle to obtain self-government. They had been eloquently stated by Arthur Griffith in the programme set out in 1904 in his book, *The Resurrection of Hungary*. Griffith, it is clear, tested self-government by the freedom to frame economic policy which it would bring rather than by externals of administration such as the difference between a monarchy or a republic. In signing the Treaty of 1921 he almost certainly was more conscious

of the acquisition of the right to impose tariffs than of questions, such as the oath of allegiance, which troubled so many of his contemporaries. Henceforward, it would be possible (as it was urgently necessary) to make up the time lost in the nineteenth, that wasted, century.

This background must be sketched in order to understand the line of economic policy that has been followed in recent decades. The Irish people reasonably enough regard it as unnatural that, alone among European peoples, their numbers have fallen in the last century. They instinctively associate that abnormality with a deficient industry and a type of agriculture which did not call for any great employment of labour. "Nature," said a mid-Victorian Viceroy, "had intended Ireland to be the mother of lowing flocks and herds." His views were not shared by Irish nationalists, who felt that extensive grazing aggravated the movement from the land and argued that Ireland had been more populous when the land was more widely tilled.

These currents of thought ran together. The first task of self-government was to arrest the decline in population. The most obvious way in which to create new employment was by industrial development. In that task, agriculture had little to contribute. Therefore, priority should be given to industry. And, since all this thinking derived from the nineteenth century, other concepts of the last century mingled with it. Industrial employment was obviously a higher form of economic activity than agriculture. Urbanisation was a sign of progress. To develop both as quickly as possible a vigorous policy of protection was needed. This was all acceptable enough but qualifications were necessary. Today we are beginning to find out what the qualifications are.

The results, so far as they can be shown by statistics, may be shortly summarised. The population had been 3,140,000 in 1911. The first Census taken after self-government, in 1926, showed a fall to 2,972,000; there was a further fall in the next twenty years to 2,955,000. It was possible however to argue that the greater part of this decline was due to the exceptional changes between 1911 and 1926 and to claim that the population had in fact attained some degree of stability. This optimism seemed to be confirmed by the Census of 1951 which showed a population of 2,961,000. It was a small gain; but it was the first gain since the Census of 1841. For a moment it seemed as if the long decline

since the Famine had been arrested at last. Disillusion came with the Census of 1956 which showed a new fall to 2,895,000, the lowest figure ever recorded. This also represented the highest rate of emigration since the 1880's. It is hardly too much to say that this result was the severest blow to self-confidence that has been suffered in the last thirty-five years. Later, it will be argued that this reaction was excessive, but its strength cannot be denied.

The composition of the working population changed sharply between 1926 and 1951.

Occupation	(In thousands)		% increase or decrease
	1926	1951	
Agriculture	647	500	-22.7
Industry	164	268	63.4
Commerce, finance	114	144	26.3
Personal service	127	104	-18.1
Administration, Defence	76	93	22.4
Professions	39	55	41.0
Transport, etc.	39	47	20.5
Other	14	21	50.0
TOTAL	1,220	1,232	1.0

This table gives a fair picture of the success of the policy of industrialisation and of the limits of that success. The numbers in industry had grown; the economy had become more diversified. The relative importance of agricultural employment had fallen sharply. Many forms of industrial skill had been developed which were unknown in the 1920's. Even the fall in the numbers engaged in "Personal service" showed that the opportunities of employment had increased. Equally, it might be observed that there had been little change in the total of persons at work. The decline in agriculture had been just offset by expansion elsewhere. There was still a long way to go if economic policy was to check emigration. And, by 1951, a great deal of the new employment given by industrialisation had been created. Protection had been given to almost every conceivable form of industrial activity. If further employment was to be given, it must come (as it seemed and still seems) rather from the development of some industry already created than from some wholly new source. And, as the bulk of the industrialisation was devoted to serving the small home

market, the chances of appreciable further growth did not appear to be bright. But more will be said on that point later.

In sympathy with these changes, there was a considerable change in the balance of population in towns and in the countryside. Between 1926 and 1951, town population rose by 30 per cent from 944,000 to 1,228,000. Rural population fell by 15 per cent from 2,028,000 to 1,733,000. Here again, as in the case of the fall in total population, the Irish experience was exceptional. All over western Europe in the last century and a half, the town population has grown rapidly but the rural population, with few exceptions, has also increased. In Ireland (which here means all thirty-two counties, north and south of the border) the rural population has fallen heavily and continues to fall. Reporting in 1954 the Commission on Emigration and other Population Problems suggested that, "in all rural parts of Ireland there existed some special factors making for rural depopulation which operated over the country as a whole." If the comment be true, the conclusion must be that the deeper population problem lay in the economic and social structure of the countryside rather than in inadequate industrialisation.

By the mid-1950's there was every reason to believe that the traditional diagnosis of Irish economic weakness had been imperfect. The Census of 1956 showed clearly that the remedies suggested by that diagnosis had failed to effect a cure. But before then, the Report of the Commission on Emigration which has just been mentioned cast fresh light on the subject. This Commission was appointed in 1948 "to investigate the causes and consequences of the present level and trend in population." Its report was issued in 1954. This report will be invaluable to all who study demographic problems; it is carefully constructed and packed with useful detail. The impression left by this investigation was that the trend of population contained two problems rather than one.

The first was clearly the persistence of emigration. Its importance was severely underlined by the experience of 1951-56 when the average annual net emigration amounted to 40,000 a year; a rate, as has been said, which was far in excess of anything experienced for seventy years. It was, no doubt, possible to find reasons for this. Since the 1930's emigration had flowed to the United Kingdom instead of the United States; the journey was obviously

shorter and easier and—a point which may yet be significant—permitted emigrants to keep in touch with home and return freely for holidays or to take up work as it offered. In the post-war years, full employment and high over-time rates were an irresistible attraction, offering rewards that could not be equalled at home, even in a period of rapid industrial expansion. It was a serious reflection that even the most energetic economic policy could be outbid, as it were, by what was offering abroad. In fact, this was another example of the exceptional mobility of the Irish people; a mobility which makes the ending of emigration a much more complex affair than the development of native resources might serve to cure.

The second point brought out in the report of the Commission was that side by side with emigration, there existed the further problem of few and late marriages among those who remained in the country. The marriage rate was the lowest in Europe; the average age at marriage was exceptionally late. An equally unusual fertility in marriage offset these, and resulted in a roughly normal birth rate. The social problem of late matrimony was obvious. Industrialisation and urbanisation between them, it was hoped, would lead to more and earlier marriages. Thus there would be an increase in the natural increase of population. At the best, this would offset emigration; at the worst, it seemed better to suffer emigration with a healthier demographic structure than to combine emigration with few and late marriages.

There has been, it is encouraging to note, some improvement in this matter. The marriage rate, though still comparatively low, has increased by comparison with twenty and thirty years ago. The age at marriage has fallen. Thus, the average annual increase of population rose from 16,300 in 1926–36 to 25,500 in 1946–51. It was 26,900 in 1951–56. It did not, as has been seen, at all offset the exceptionally heavy emigration of that period. Nevertheless, there is here a tangible social improvement. It is overshadowed by two things; the recurrence of heavy emigration and the fact that this improvement is to be found in the urban areas and has not been equally perceptible in the countryside.

There are wider problems which must now be mentioned. The balance of payments is now ominously familiar in Ireland, as in Great Britain. Every year since 1947 has shown a deficit. To some extent, this has been the result of deliberate policy.

Marshall Aid inspired a policy of vigorous capital investment which has been financed in the first place by the moneys then borrowed and more lately by the realisation of sterling assets. These assets represent the past savings of the Irish people over, roughly, the last sixty years. The present amount of these assets is a matter of dispute. The Central Bank estimated that in March 1956 the external assets of the banking system stood at £178 millions, of which about £75 millions were held against the currency issue. The external assets held privately must be considerable. The normal pattern is a deficit which has varied from a peak of £61 millions in 1951, the year of Korean stock-piling, to £21 millions in the three years 1952-54 taken together and to £35 millions in 1955. The deficit for 1956 is expected to be between £13 and £15 millions but this improvement has been bought at the expense of special levies on imports. The deficits, falling each year on depleted if still adequate reserves, cannot go on for ever.

They are due as much to the success as to the failure of industrialisation and capital investment. The easiest path towards industrial development was by way of imposing tariffs on imported consumer goods and encouraging domestic manufacturers to take their opportunities. The Irish tariff is now all-embracing; on some goods the protective tariff exceeds 50 percent. It has resulted, as has been seen, in increased employment and in a growth in the number of wage-earners. Paradoxically, protection all round has resulted in a greater dependence on international trade. Imports have not declined. On the contrary they have risen sharply. Their nature has changed; there are fewer finished consumer goods; the volume of raw materials and semi-processed goods has increased. It should be added that imports have also been swollen through demands which have been created by the evident improvement in the standard of living. But this continuing and indeed increasing dependence of industrial employment and the standard of living on ability to import also increases the need to be able to pay for imports. Things were simpler thirty years ago; when a fall in export earnings occurred it led simply to a temporary reduction in the standard of living among the self-employed agricultural population. Today, reduced earnings of foreign currency (including of course British sterling) would soon lead not only to a reduction in the standard

of living, as indeed has already been shown by the import levies, but also a high degree of industrial unemployment. Indeed, most of the established industries would be forced to close down if the country became unable to pay its way. Comparatively few of them are engaged in processing domestically-produced raw materials, such as the products of agriculture. There are of course obvious exceptions, and it is to be hoped that the promising new surveys for copper and other metals will add to their number. Essentially, however, the bulk of Irish industry depends on imports for its survival.

In recent years, it has therefore been increasingly understood that much depends on the capacity of the country to export. This represents a swing away from the ideas of self-sufficiency which marked the pre-war years. It also implies a change in the assessment of the importance of agriculture. A few industries, some of them newly established, have developed an important export trade; the industrial system as a whole is concerned with the home market and does not earn foreign currency. That task falls almost completely on agriculture. Thus a re-assessment of the place of agriculture in national policy, and of the policies followed in agriculture, is made necessary. When the Taoiseach stated the principles of economic policy last October, he stated that first priority in investment must be given to agriculture. That represented a reversal of the policies followed for over twenty years, in which investment flowed into manufacturing industry and into social objectives—certainly long neglected—such as housing. It was a welcome change; and it was so well received that general thinking had obviously outrun official policy. It followed also on a revival of interest in agricultural problems, such as breeding policy and marketing, which recalled the best days of the co-operative movement at the beginning of the century.

It is apparent that in the last result there is no clash between industrial and agricultural employment. It is also apparent that industrial development must depend upon agricultural development. It is equally true that investment in agriculture will produce results more quickly, and at less cost, than investment in any other part of the economy. It will also, if well directed, bring a new sense of importance and opportunity to the Irish countryside. Agricultural growth, as it is now understood, goes far

beyond a reliance on grazing; the recent increase to record levels in the number of cattle is most acceptable but does not disguise the weakness of other forms of production. It is now apparent that industrialisation will not by itself arrest the fall in population. It is also arguable that emigration is not caused solely by economic forces, though it is not for any student of political economy to under-estimate their strength. There is something more; that the urge to emigrate will be reduced at least by a sense of belonging to an expanding and thriving economy, in which new opportunities for skill and enterprise are created. In the 1950's Ireland needs that new impulse; in so far as it can be provided from economic activity, the key lies in agriculture.

PARTITION

By

W. J. WHITE

IN OCTOBER, 1956, the Republic of Ireland took its seat for the first time at the General Assembly of the United Nations. In his initial speech to the Assembly, Mr. Liam Cosgrave, Minister for External Affairs, said:

In Ireland we have a grave problem: the problem of partition. The great majority of Irish men and women desire their country to be united under its own freely-elected Government. But—as a result of tactics resembling in some ways those that were taking place in Palestine about the same time—Ireland was divided, and today six of her counties remain under British rule. . . . We are determined that the unity of Ireland shall be achieved; but we are equally determined . . . to achieve that end by peaceful means.

Within a couple of weeks, the Government was obliged to invoke emergency powers in order to uphold this policy, against groups of armed young men who believed that the way to end partition was to blow up police-stations in the Six Counties. This outburst of violence was only one of the far-reaching effects of the division

of Ireland—effects which range from keeping the Republic out of N.A.T.O., at one pole, to brawling on the starting-line of the Olympic cycling race in Melbourne, at the other.

To end partition is the cardinal point—officially, at least—of all Irish policy. It is the one unattained objective of pure nationalism—the kind of nationalism, that is, which cannot summon up much interest in such prosaic objectives as increasing agricultural production and reducing emigration: the kind that thinks in terms of Kathleen ni Houlihan and the Four Green Fields, or, in a jargon more favoured today, “the reintegration of the national territory.” It is the ultimate excuse of those who must have some outside force to blame for poverty or isolationism. It is, moreover, a subject almost impossible to discuss rationally, because so much of the reasoning on both sides is purely the justification of emotional attitudes. Whatever his arguments, the anti-partitionist must rely ultimately on the conviction that Ireland is one unit, that the Irish are one nation, and that division between them is wrong because it is unnatural.

It is essential here to make a distinction that is rarely observed in either North or South. The case against partition does not rest upon the misconduct or otherwise of the Northern Ireland Government. There is discrimination against Catholics in the Six Counties, without a doubt—some of it is due to genuine religious bigotry, some to the equation of Catholic with Nationalist. There seems to be some local discrimination in appointment to jobs and allocation of houses; there is brazen gerrymandering, notably in the city of Derry, in order to secure Unionist control of a predominantly Catholic-Nationalist area; and there is a complete refusal to make any payment from public funds to the Catholic Mater Hospital, in Belfast, for the public service it renders. On the other hand, there are some forms of religious segregation—in sporting activities, for instance—which can be blamed equally on both sides. Gerrymandering does not very seriously affect representation at Westminster, or even at Stormont; and appointment to jobs in the public service seems to be reasonably fair. (There are many Catholics, for instance, in the R.U.C.) But these considerations, important in their own context, are irrelevant to the general question of partition. The anti-partition case is that there is no reason for having a separate Government of Northern Ireland at all.

It is the fashion in the North nowadays, in order to establish the natural rightness of partition, to claim that it is merely a recognition of historical fact: that the people of the North are different by race and culture, as well as religion, from those of the South. There is a grain of truth in this. The racial stock of the northern counties goes back to the plantations of the seventeenth century, when the native Irish landowners were driven out and replaced by English and Scots settlers "well affected in religion." To this day, the traveller in Ulster will note influences that he can identify as Scotch: scones on the tea-table: inflections of voice or forms of speech; even a certain uncompromising dourness of character, allied with a dry humour. But this racial heritage constitutes a very feeble basis for a political division. To begin with, the clearing-out of the native Irish was by no means so thorough as is sometimes believed. Though the British and Protestant element became preponderant, many of the Irish remained; and, to this day, the Northern Catholic shares with the Protestant precisely those qualities of character which are claimed as distinctive. Moreover, the Northern heritage is not, of course, by any means exclusive to the Six Counties; it is shared, to a greater or less extent, by all the nine counties of Ulster. In the absence of political tension, one may suppose, both Protestants and Catholics would feel a sense of regional fellowship, a sense of difference from Southerners, that mixture of contempt and defensiveness that is typical of the strongly-marked provincial character. When a Unionist spokesman says that Northern Ireland is "as much a part of the United Kingdom as Yorkshire," he is speaking in political terms (and inaccurate ones at that). But he provides a useful instance, all the same: Ulster's relationship with the rest of Ireland is not unlike that of Yorkshire with the rest of England. There is just about the same distinction of regional character, culture and speech: enough to pick out a Yorkshireman from a man of Surrey or Bedfordshire, but scarcely enough to justify a separate Parliament at Leeds. Moreover, there is a class in both cases which does not share the regional distinction at all: Lord Brookeborough's class, the landed gentry.

There is, of course, one distinction which the example does not cover—religion; and this lies at the root of the whole problem. The ordinary Northern Protestant was induced to oppose Home Rule, because of his fear that it would turn out to be Rome Rule.

The same fear, judiciously exploited, has maintained the Ulster Unionist Party—an offshoot of the Conservative Party—in a dominant position in the Six Counties since 1920, even when neighbouring England went Socialist. It is interesting to compare Belfast's political record with, say, Glasgow's. Where the Clyde runs red, the Lagan runs Orange. In Belfast, labour has never challenged capital politically; it has always been possible to unite both sides under the banner of resistance to Popery. The votes of industrial workers have helped to keep the government firmly in the hands of landowners and big businessmen. It is interesting to speculate how long this political paradox would survive if religious tensions were removed.

If one looks back 150 years, the change in the temper of the Northern workers appears remarkable. They were, after all, shaped by those same nonconformist beliefs which did so much to develop the democratic reforming spirit in England. Upon this receptive temperament there acted the waves of new ideas that flowed from the American Revolution; for it must be recalled that Ulstermen by the thousand had gone to North America during the eighteenth century, and they kept in contact with their native province. The Northern Presbyterians suffered under the disabilities common to Dissenters, and were bitterly hostile to the Episcopalian Government. Great numbers of them enrolled in the United Irishmen, a revolutionary movement with republican ideals, in which Catholics and Protestants were on an equal footing. Ulster was at this period considered the most dangerous of the provinces. In the abortive 1798 rising in Antrim and Down, the rebels were chiefly Presbyterian farmers, under Presbyterian leaders (at the same period, such Catholic towns as Cork, Galway and Limerick were the loyalist centres). But the unity imposed by the United Irishmen was really only a very thin crust over the volcano of religious difference. Already, before 1798, competition for land in Armagh had developed on religious lines and led to the bitter and bloody "Battle of the Diamond" between the religious factions, from which there arose the Orange Order. After the Union, the division developed—partly as a result of deliberate policy, designed to split the dangerous alliance of Dissenter and Catholic. Thus disabilities on Dissenters were eased; the Government introduced a system of supplementing the salaries of approved Presbyterian clergy-

men, which gave them a financial stake in loyalty. The Northern farmers had long had their own, more favourable system of land tenure; they escaped, too, much of the misery of the Famine; they were not therefore much involved in the Land War, which was the focus of popular unrest in the nineteenth century. Moreover, Belfast's development as an industrial city soon began to link it by commercial bonds to Britain (a friend suggests to me that Belfast is better understood at this period as a projection of industrial Britain than in the context of the Irish economy); and the industrial workers developed their own links as the British trade unions extended membership in Ireland.

It was probably about the time of O'Connell that it first became apparent that a self-governing Ireland would be a predominantly Catholic Ireland; and it is arguable that from this time forward self-government and unity were incompatible objectives. Certainly when the Conservatives wanted to defeat Home Rule (and the Liberals), they were quick to decide that the strategy was to "play the Orange Card." Thereafter the rise of Sinn Féin, with its mystique of the ideal Irish Republic, and the rise of militant Protestant Unionism in the North were both causes and effects of one another—as the draught under the door makes the fire burn up the chimney, and the fire burning up the chimney draws the draught in under the door. By the time the Treaty negotiations took place, it is difficult to see that there was any alternative to partition. If Redmond's parliamentary nationalists had remained in control of the separatist movement, the situation might have been different. Redmond was never offered, and probably would never have accepted, an independence based on partition. His adherents placed unity before independence—certainly before the ideal republican independence that became the *sine qua non* of Irish nationalism after Pearse. Because constitutional movements can afford to wait, he could have waited; and it seems quite probable that in the end, with the benevolent aid of the developing Commonwealth countries, unity and Home Rule could have been achieved together by some sort of federal structure. But by 1921, in practice, the Southern separatists had staked their future on war: by the time the Treaty came to be discussed, Northern resistance had finally hardened, and the South had deprived itself both of time to manoeuvre and of the opportunity to revert to conciliation and constitutionalism.

The most optimistic of the Northern Unionists never seem to have believed, at first, that partition could be more than a temporary expedient. But once it was established it began to sink its own roots. Today Lord Brookeborough and his party can still command overwhelming support for it within the Six Counties; and, to many fair-minded people abroad, this is the deciding factor. Even those who would like to see Ireland united will not be party to coercing the Northern people to enter an Irish State. The paradox of partition now is that reunion depends on gaining a majority for the nationalist cause in an area specifically designed to give a permanent majority to the Unionists. Two of the six counties of Northern Ireland, Tyrone and Fermanagh, voted Sinn Féin in the 1918 general election; but they were included in the Northern Ireland statelet, because without them the unit would have been so small as to cause serious doubt about its ability to exist independently at all. On the other hand, if the unit chosen had been larger the Protestant Unionist majority would have been threatened. In a sense, then, the whole existence of Northern Ireland was gerrymandered: the right of self-determination has been given to a unit arbitrarily chosen to achieve a predetermined result.¹

This is what sensible Irish people mean when they say that Britain is responsible for partition. No thinking man supposes that the withdrawal of British troops would bring a solution any nearer. It might, however, be legitimate to look to the British Government to take a benevolent interest in the promotion of unity. The chances of its doing so have, not surprisingly, been reduced since the Twenty-six counties remained neutral in the war, and the security of Atlantic shipping became heavily dependent on the bases in Northern Ireland. As for successive Irish Governments, to say that they have done little to bridge the gap is almost to flatter them. The Irish State retained its tenuous link with the Commonwealth, as a framework within which unity might be achieved one day, until 1948. In that year Mr. John A. Costello, the newly-elected Prime Minister, announced during a tour in Canada his intention of declaring Ireland a formal Republic and of withdrawing from the Commonwealth.

¹ The population of Northern Ireland is approx. 1,300,000, of whom about one-third are Catholics. The population of the Republic is just under three millions, of whom about 95 per cent are Catholics.

This was the final concession to the republican ideal; and it appears to have removed reunion, for the foreseeable future, from the sphere of practical politics. Northern leaders took advantage of the British Government's irritation over Mr. Costello's abrupt action to press their case for a formal guarantee of Northern Ireland's status. In the Ireland Act, 1949, Irish citizens in Britain, whose status had now been placed in doubt, were given a new status—as a kind of non-alien foreigners, with voting rights, etc.; but the Act also included a clause guaranteeing the existence of Northern Ireland as long as there remained a majority in favour of partition in the Stormont Parliament. Much indignation has been expressed over this clause in the Republic, though it is clearly only the fruit of her own policy. In law, of course, the Ireland Act is no more firmly entrenched than the Act of 1920, but the moral value of the guarantee is undeniable.

For the immediate future, then, the hopes of reunion are slight in the extreme. The passage of years has increased the economic gulf between the two parts of Ireland. National income per head is higher in the North, especially in agriculture, which has benefited by British guaranteed prices; social services, including a health service, are on the British scale, with which the Republic cannot compete. Northern commerce and industry continues to be linked with Britain, while the South has been trying to build up its industry by a policy of tariff protection. At the same time, the Northerner objects to certain laws of the Republic—concerning censorship of books, for instance, birth control and divorce: less in themselves, perhaps, than because they reinforce his emotional objections to unity. (In fact, spokesmen of the Republic have already offered to meet this difficulty by a federal system which would leave a substantial "local option" to the North.) In practice, Southern Protestants (of whom the writer is one) have little complaint about their status in the Republic. They take little—too little—part in political life, but in business and the professions they play a part out of all proportion to their small number. Official policy has been scrupulously careful to avoid any suggestion of discrimination, though individual ministers are not always as tender as they might be of the feelings of a minority which is all the more sensitive because it is so small. In a 32-county State, Protestants would constitute a minority of

about 25 per cent, and their position, presumably, would be proportionately stronger. Such a revolution could hardly fail to have far-reaching effects on Irish policy, both internal and external.

Unhappily, the day of unity now seems more distant than ever. Each bullet fired against the North postpones it still further. Even a federal solution would be unworkable without goodwill; at this stage such proposals are quite visionary. For an Irish Government with real courage, perhaps the best course today would be to declare a complete abandonment of an active anti-partition policy, and to call upon the North to co-operate in economic measures to benefit the whole country. These might begin with the establishment of an economic commission, to examine the possibility of a Customs Union and of joint plans for the use of nuclear power, and to plan such further co-operation as may become necessary under the European Free Trade Area. Further, such a Government should invite the working-out of joint defence plans, within N.A.T.O. The problems of Orange and Green, after all, seem very trivial beside the mighty threat of Soviet imperialism.

MISSIONARY WORK

1915-1956

By

LEON O'BROIN

JOSEPH TOMELTY, in his Abbey Theatre success *Is the Priest at Home?* has delivered himself of the belief that the priests of Ireland are people-ridden, that their lives are lived out in an uncomfortable sensitivity to what their flocks think and expect of them. Whatever merit the thesis may have, it will hardly impress the Englishman who finds speedy confirmation of the contrary idea when he goes down O'Connell Street for the first time. There on the sidewalks he sees more priests, brothers and

nuns than he has ever seen before, and out in the country the picture is the same. He finds churches, monasteries, novitiates, and clerically-managed hospitals and schools everywhere. The castles and big houses have passed into the hands of religious orders. A new ascendancy, as he sees it, has replaced the old. This, he believes, is a priest-ridden nation, at least numerically.

Now it is important that a misconception of this sort, for misconception it is, should be corrected, that the visitor should be made to understand that the proliferation of roman collars and nuns' bonnets is what he should expect to find in an essentially Catholic population, particularly in one that is endeavouring to do a number of important things simultaneously, to catch up on the past by giving themselves the basic things they were so long deprived of—decent churches, hospitals and schools, to deal with the problems of this age which demand such things as retreat houses, centres for sociological education, workers' colleges, and clubs of all sorts, and to make as generous a contribution as possible to the spread of the Gospel in missionary lands. That is why in Ireland there are so many roman collars and nuns' bonnets about. And our spiritual interests overseas explain the recurrent gatherings at the airport and the quayside with priests and nuns as the centre of attraction.

What Ireland is doing for the missions is no doubt unspectacular compared with the total need and the total effort; nevertheless, for a country of its size and circumstances, hers is a major achievement. It is impossible to get complete statistics. For one thing, the number of Irish priests, brothers and nuns at work in lands which are not strictly mission lands is unknown, while no figures are available for those societies which have no foundations in Ireland but which recruit subjects there for their missions. The claim is made, however, in *Catholic Missions*, the official organ of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in Ireland (October, 1955) that Ireland and the Netherlands, which have roughly the same Catholic population, have also roughly the same ratio of missionaries. On this basis, Ireland would be in the forefront of missionary endeavour since the Netherlands with one missionary per 700 Catholics stands at the head of the list, above Italy which has one per 1,056, Canada one per 1,550 and the U.S.A. one per 7,200. In terms of man-power this would mean something under 5,000 missionaries which was the estimate made

in 1954, including only mission areas, strictly so-called. The situation is improving rapidly, however, as can be seen from the number of yearly departures for the mission fields. In the years ended October, 1949 and 1950 respectively, 525 and 565 priests, brothers and nuns left Ireland. For the year ended October, 1956, the number was 807. (In all three cases, the figures include missionaries not going to the missions for the first time.)

Ireland's missionary activities among the pagans began rather late, for reasons that are well understood. Barely a century and a quarter has elapsed since Catholic Emancipation and during that time, apart from building up the Church at home, a great deal of attention had to be paid to the needs of the Irish emigrants to America and Australia. It was for that specific purpose that All Hallows College in Dublin, directed by the Vincentian Fathers, was founded in 1842; and in 1954, no less than 430 priests educated in that college were working in Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, and many thousands more in other parts of the English-speaking world. Five other seminaries in Ireland (Carlow, Kilkenny, Waterford, Thurles and Wexford), under the direction of the secular clergy, also turn out a constant stream of priests for the same areas. In one of them (St. Patrick's, Carlow) the number of priests ordained between 1920 and 1956 for work outside Ireland was as follows: U.S.A. 334, Great Britain 274, Australia 131, New Zealand 16, South Africa 10, France 2 and Canada 1.

Work for the pagan missions dates from the establishment in Ireland last century of branches of the two French missionary societies, the Congregation of the Holy Ghost and the Society of Lyons for African Missions (afterwards called the Society of African Missions), but it was not until 1915, with the foundation of St. Columban's Missionary Society, the Maynooth Mission to China, and a few years later, St. Patrick's Missionary Society, the Maynooth Mission to Africa, that popular enthusiasm for the missions was really aroused. Between them, these two secular missionary bodies have today over 500 priests in the Philippines, Burma, Korea, Japan, the Fiji Islands, Formosa, Hong Kong, South America, Indo-China, West Africa and Egypt, while the ever-expanding pioneer Holy Ghost Congregation and Society of African Missions have together about 700 priests in East and West Africa and the West Indies. The personnel of the former (priests

and brothers) amounted to 143 in 1920: in 1956 it was 602. The corresponding figures for the Society of African Missions are 40 and 371.

It would be quite impossible in a short article to give even an outline of what has been happening in the other missionary institutes. But this much must be said: that all of the Irish provinces or foundations of religious orders of men (White Fathers, Augustinians, Marists, Carmelites, Rosminians, Oblates, Dominicans, Mill Hill Fathers, Jesuits, Redemptorists, Passionists, Franciscans, Sacred Heart Fathers, Salesians, Presentation Brothers, De La Salle Brothers, Patrician Brothers, Franciscan Brothers and the Irish Christian Brothers) have now their mission fields overseas and are steadily expanding. Some of them have increased their numbers four- and six-fold between 1920 and 1956.

In these really remarkable developments the women have by no means been outdone. According to the 1954 statistics compiled by *Catholic Missions* there were 2,229 of them belonging to twenty-four institutes in the mission areas as against 2,641 men. Generally speaking, their mission work is of quite recent date. Most of their institutes bear names familiar outside Ireland and this excuses me for specially mentioning three from among so many, the Missionary Sisters of St. Columban who came into being in 1920 on the heels of the Maynooth Mission to China whose counterpart it is, the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary founded by that noble man of God, Bishop Joseph Shanahan, in 1924, and the Medical Missionaries of Mary which was established as late as 1937. The progress of all three has been astonishing, and yet is typical of the manner in which God has blessed all Irish men and women who have dedicated themselves to work for the missions. The St. Columban Sisters for the last thirty years have suffered all the ups and downs of the Catholic Church in China. They have built and educated and have been repaid by being persecuted and driven out. Now they are establishing themselves in Hong Kong and Korea, and strengthening their position in California and the Philippines. The Holy Rosary nuns in a slightly shorter period have seen their numbers increase from 7 to 324 professed sisters, novices and postulants with 34 houses in Ireland, England, Africa and the United States. They maintain schools of all sorts, hospitals and maternity clinics, and in 1955 they cared for 422,000 patients including

1,700 lepers. The Medical Missionaries of Mary, not yet twenty years old, has already a congregation of 307, and builds and maintains hospitals and nursing-homes at home and overseas, in which by 1953 over a million patients had been attended to, and more than 16,000 babies delivered. An international Missionary Training Hospital is nearing completion at Drogheda, where it is proposed to train missionary sisters and workers from all over the world. In common with mission hospitals everywhere, the Medical Missionaries of Mary train and make use of doctors, nurses, radiographers, physiotherapists, accountants and indeed every profession and talent. One stands amazed at the spirit of faith in which mighty tasks are undertaken by these "frail women," and at the efficiency with which they are carried out by people who are still not supposed to be too good at organisation and methods.

All this activity has to be sustained from at home. It is at home that vocations are found and fostered, that training is given in missionary skills, that rest and convalescence are provided for the sick and tired missionary, that an apostolate of prayer in aid of the missions is promoted, that a great deal of money is found without which the missionaries' work would come to a standstill. And huge sums of money are of course needed at every hand's turn. Building is fabulously costly. It takes £1,200 at the very minimum to train a doctor, £600 a chemist or physiotherapist. And very little of the money required comes by way of substantial bequests. It has to be found in small sums, to be begged for unremittingly. It is a sad business that the harvesting of souls is so dependent on finance, and that so many excellent persons who could work such wonders in pagan lands have to stay at home collecting the pennies, organising bazaars and sales of work, concerts and flag-days, tiring themselves out with endless talking about a subject they may only know at second-hand. Every one of the missionary societies finds itself burdened with the problem of finance and increasingly so as Ireland feels more and more the pinch of economic conditions and the dioceses have to pay ever more dearly for the money they have borrowed for churches and schools. They are terribly conscious of the energy that has to be spent at home to maintain a single priest, brother or nun abroad. When I think about it, I can understand what at the time I considered an extravagant attitude taken up by a friend

of mine on his first return from the African missions when he refused the cigarette I had offered him, saying that he had given up smoking altogether because he could literally save a soul for every shilling saved from his cigarettes. This typifies the self-sacrifice of the Irish missionaries. They are on fire with zeal to expand God's kingdom. No cross, no matter how great, can extinguish their enthusiasm. Driven from China after many trials and tribulations, they wait and plan for the day when they can return, meanwhile finding new fields in which to expend themselves. A disastrous fire destroys in a few hours the mother-house and novitiate that had taken years of effort on the part of a community to erect: practically overnight, the rebuilding is begun.

The missionary societies, one and all, are generously supported by the Irish people, both directly and indirectly. Some of them receive a subvention from the Pontifical Work for the Propagation of the Faith, which since 1926 has been organised nationally and which directs missionary propaganda through all the parishes. In 1955 Ireland contributed £106,000 to this source. Many of the institutes also benefit at the hands of St. Joseph's Young Priests Society. This Society, which is organised on a vocational basis, supplies spiritual and material help to young men being educated for the priesthood in missionary and diocesan colleges. It has 70,000 members who contribute £20,000 a year. The Civil Service branch is the largest, comprising 50 per cent of all government officials. Since its foundation in 1896 the St. Joseph's Young Priests Society has educated about 650 priests and at present is paying the pensions of 450 students and making substantial annual grants to various seminaries where native-born students for the missionary priesthood are being educated.

Many people have noted the coincidence of Ireland's political resurgence and the beginning of this great missionary revival. It is indeed remarkable that it was in 1916 that the idealism of Pearse, Plunkett and their associates and of Fathers Galvin, Maguire and Blowick sprang into flame, that it was the threat of conscription in 1918 that united the whole nation and produced the "Lloyd George ordinations," the first batch of Chinese missionaries whose "priesting" was advanced to save them from enforced military service, and that it was on the threshold of the signing of the Articles for a Treaty between

Great Britain and Ireland in 1921 that the Legion of Mary came into being, a lay organisation that has prodigiously multiplied the power of the missionary in every part of the world and was the backbone of the resistance to the Communist Reformed Catholic Church in China. The achievement, substantially, of the national political aims has, I believe, resulted in the deflection into religious channels of many who would otherwise have continued to practise other and less peaceful forms of idealism. This will help Irish people increasingly to expand their horizons and to achieve some importance internationally. Having no overseas possessions they might well retire into themselves, become insular, develop an ingrown toe-nail to be lamented hypochondriacally to the exclusion of the miseries of the world. Our membership of the Catholic Church, judged aright, will spare us from the worst features of an exclusiveness of that kind: indeed it is only by taking a stand on the universal principles she proposes and on bearing in mind her universal interests that our representatives at UNO and elsewhere are likely to say and do anything of consequence, anything that might help humanity to weather the rigours of the times. Even in those circumstances thinking and talking might be unrealistic and in danger of being cast back in our faces were it not for our growing missionary interests. Through the missions the Irish nation has acquired a real stake in many parts of the world from China to Peru; whatever concerns our brethren in the missions, the souls for which they labour and the institutions they have created, concerns us, too.

Michael de la Bedoyere, Colin Clarke and others have from time to time expressed disappointment that Ireland has hitherto shown no sign of justifying itself as an independent Catholic nation. It is true that the shop window lacks some of the articles we would all like to see on sale, but the particular commodity we have been discussing is, I venture to suggest, in conception, material and finish something of which any country can be justifiably proud.

IRISH AGRICULTURE

By

HENRY KENNEDY

IRELAND is a country not favoured by nature in the provision of the raw materials of industry or the sources of power. Though at the present time even great industrial nations are far from being self-supporting in these resources, it is generally true to say that in the past and to a substantial extent in the present their availability has provided great advantages in the growth of industrial enterprises, the existence and evolution of which over extended periods of time has facilitated the development of high technical skill at all levels. Ireland has entered late into the industrial field. It cannot be expected that it can in a short period overcome the disadvantages of its late arrival. It will take time to accumulate experience, and to provide the trained personnel to expand existing and to develop new industries to the extent that the export of industrial products can become an important factor in the country's economy. It is to the relatively enormous undeveloped potential of agriculture that one must look for the resources so sorely needed at present for greater well-being for more people in their home land. It is all the more surprising that since the foundation of the State and until comparatively recently there has been an attitude of complacency amounting almost to indifference in regard to the urgent problem of developing agricultural productivity to an extent to which other countries not more favourably endowed by nature have shown to be possible. The very important report of the Banking Commission published in 1938 failed to emphasise the possibilities of agriculture as the vital factor in making possible an expanding economy; and yet the Commission included the ablest economists and bankers in the country with two expert economists of high international repute from abroad.

In recent times, the growing rate of emigration, difficulties in the balance of payments, and reduction in external assets have developed a new awareness of the importance of agriculture as a means towards the solution of these grave problems.

There has, in fact, been no worthwhile increase in the output of agriculture over the last fifty years. It is only necessary to compare the spectacular advances in Denmark or Holland over the same period or of New Zealand over the last thirty years to get an idea of the degree of expansion which is possible, if the physical conditions allow of comparable expansion. Agricultural production is in the main dominated by conditions of climate and soil. Climatic conditions in Ireland with its mild winter and its uniformly distributed rainfall averaging about 40 in. is certainly not less favourable than in Denmark or Holland. New Zealand with its somewhat shorter and still milder winter has certainly some advantages, but these would seem to be largely offset by the higher incidence of summer drought.

The area under crops and pasture is approximately 11.5 million acres, being about one-and-a-half times that of Denmark and twice that of Holland. There are about 5 million acres of "other land," mainly bogs and mountains. Recent work on bog reclamation would indicate that there are great possibilities of adding much of the large area under peat to the productive agricultural acreage. There is a great variety of soil conditions all over the country, varying from friable free-working soils capable of very high yields of arable crops to heavy and somewhat intractable clays which, with suitable treatment, provide excellent pastures. While climate is beyond the farmer's control, soils in the temperate zone are largely man-made and stock-made. The soils in Ireland are on the whole potentially fertile, but the present state of fertility is generally low. Generations of the extensive raising and export of cattle with little or no mineral return has "mined" the land of mineral elements. The lime status is in general low. The main crops until recent years were oats and potatoes, which can tolerate acid conditions. Much has been done in the last few years to remedy lime deficiency, but far more remains to be done to effect the necessary degree of amelioration in this respect. Soils are in general very deficient in phosphate, and the application of potash is essential over wide areas for maximum production. Fertiliser utilisation per acre is according to the O.E.E.C. figures one of the lowest of the O.E.E.C. countries.

Climatic conditions favouring grassland, low prices for cereals, the constant availability of imported feeds at low prices and the

relatively good prices for animal products have resulted in a steady decline over the last hundred years in the crop acreage broken only by the two world wars. In the inter-war years the area under crops was only about $1\frac{1}{2}$ million acres, the balance of 10 million acres being pasture or meadowland. The crop area increased to some $2\frac{1}{2}$ million acres in World War II, and was 1·9 million acres in 1956. In that year the principal crops were:

Wheat	.	.	.	338,000 acres
Oats	.	.	.	525,000 acres
Barley	.	.	.	239,000 acres
Potatoes	.	.	.	283,500 acres
Sugar Beet	.	.	.	59,000 acres
Turnips	.	.	.	118,000 acres

Wheat is used almost entirely for consumption in bread. The barley crop is utilised in part for the manufacture of malt for brewers and distillers. Recently, however, there has been an important development in the growing of fodder barley, which is used as an alternative to maize in the feeding of pigs and poultry. The introduction of Scandinavian varieties, high-yielding and resistant to lodging, has been one of the most important developments in Irish agriculture in recent years. Yields with adequate manuring are very high—reaching 2 tons and more per acre. The expansion of this crop would provide the means of a great development, so desirable especially on small farms, in pig and poultry production from home-grown feed. Barley can be grown in most areas, provided the lime status of the soil is adjusted to meet the exacting requirements of the crop. Indeed, barley is likely to replace oats to an increasing extent in the near future. The beet sugar industry is located in four factories at Carlow, Thurles, Mallow and Tuam. The Irish Sugar Company, which controls it, has carried out an enlightened policy in the education of the farmer in the various factors which contribute to the growth of profitable crops, and in the provision of seed, ground limestone and fertilisers at the lowest possible cost. In addition, it has developed an efficient beet harvester to suit Irish conditions. The result is an efficient industry in the factory and the field, with yields comparable with those in other beet-growing countries.

There can be no doubt that the present economic difficulties in

the country make it essential that there should be less dependence on imported feed for animals, and that the production and export of animal products should be expanded with the least possible delay. Such a programme necessitates a great increase in the area under crops. Conditions in these days are such that a rapid increase can be effected. The introduction of the combine drill, the selective weed-killer, and the combine harvester have revolutionised cereal growing. Probably nowhere has the combine harvester made such a change as in the capricious Irish climate. A rapid extension of the barley acreage, with yields comparable with any country in the world, would bring immediate benefits in the balance of payments, through replacement of imported feeds, and the growth of exports of pig and poultry products. A target of 3 million acres under crops has been advocated in certain circles. It does not seem to be unreasonable. Even if that target is reached in the future, there still will remain $8\frac{1}{2}$ million acres of grass. Grass has been and will be the most important crop in Irish Agriculture. Unfortunately, the word "crop" is somewhat of a misnomer, because up to the present it has been regarded not as a crop but as a gift of nature. Grassland is of outstanding importance by reason of the acreage involved and of its capacity to provide very high yields of very cheap and very nutritious animal feed and yet in no section of agriculture are its shortcomings so apparent in the light of modern knowledge of grassland husbandry. The possibilities of intensifying output from grassland are very great indeed. Because of its high and uniformly distributed rainfall, its mild climate and the rare occurrence of drought, Ireland has possibilities of high grass output, which are probably unsurpassed by any other country. In 1940, a New Zealand expert, Mr. George Holmes, made a Report on Irish Grassland. On the possibilities he is reassuring:

Let me say, first of all, that there is no area of comparable size in the northern hemisphere which has such marvellous potentialities for pasture improvement as Eire undoubtedly has. The depth of loam in the plains and valleys, the abundance of limestone, the normally mild winter and the reliability and distribution of the summer rainfall combine to make ideal natural conditions for growing grass and for raising and fattening livestock.

While eulogising in the highest terms many of the pastures which

he saw he referred to "the hundreds of fields which are growing just as little as it is physically possible for the land to grow under an Irish sky." In regard to the many essentials of highly productive pasture, Mr. Holmes in the final paragraph of the Report refers to Ireland "as still largely virgin country." The views of Mr. Holmes are confirmed by the Report on *Pasture and Fodder Production in Western Europe* published by the O.E.E.C. The fundamental position of grassland is recognised by the Mission to Ireland:

In conclusion, the Mission feels that it is necessary to emphasise that the grasslands of Ireland represent a national resource and the major one at that, the development of which has not been much effected by technical advances made in grassland productivity during recent decades. The environment of soil and climate is one which is conducive to grass growth and provides possibilities for tremendous development. The farming community needs, however, considerably more enlightenment of the great possibilities that lie in the development of Irish grassland. There are a few pioneering farmers and every effort should be made to increase their numbers for the education of the general body. With the presence of such favourable basic fundamentals, the development of Irish grassland resources awaits on the application of what in substance, are simple procedures of grassland manuring and management. It would, however, be an error to assume that they can be applied by any method short of a long-term policy applied with continued energy and vigour and directed with consistency from a high level.

The results obtained by pioneering farmers, the numbers of whom are rapidly increasing, and by research workers have shown that yields of grass on a wide variety of soils can be obtained which are comparable with results in New Zealand, where a very high standard of income and well-being is derived from grassland products. It can be hoped that a new era in grassland husbandry has begun. It offers immense opportunities for strengthening the country's economy. When the grass is produced, there still remains the problem of its conversion to exportable products. In Ireland there are approximately 250,000 farms. Approximately 143,000 holdings are over 30 acres, 80,000 over 50 acres and 29,000 over 100 acres. The farms, therefore, are in general small. Cattle policy under similar conditions of farm size in Holland and Denmark is concentrated on the production of milk from high-yielding dairy cows, and no effort is spared to increase yield by

improved methods of breeding. Highly efficient specialised dairy breeds have been evolved. The reason for this is that the returns per food unit fed to a high-yielding cow are far higher than could be obtained from a beef animal. In Ireland the dominant position of beef and store cattle in the export trade has led to breeding policies which have resulted in relatively low yielding cows. This has undoubtedly been a factor, as far as the dairying districts are concerned, in the deplorably low levels of farm income, which has been recently disclosed in the National Farm Survey, conducted by the Central Statistics Office.

There are many advocates of a system of greater specialisation, in which the economy of the smaller farms would be based on milk production from dairy breeds fed on high-yielding grass, with pig raising from home-grown foods and separated milk. With the improvement in pastures, which is possible, the larger farms could provide the beef cattle to at least the same extent as at present.

The total cattle population over a number of years has been about 4 million, including $1\frac{1}{4}$ million cows. The Shorthorn is by far the most important breed, but there are a number of herds of the dairy breeds, Friesian, Jersey and Ayrshire. Hereford and Aberdeen-Angus bulls are used to a considerable extent to produce beef crosses from Shorthorn cows. The cattle are of very good beef quality, but the milking capacity of the cows leaves much to be desired. There is now a cover of artificial insemination services over most of the country.

There are about $2\frac{3}{4}$ million sheep bred in the hills and on certain lowland districts, particularly in Galway and Roscommon. With the intensification of grassland husbandry there would seem to be considerable scope for the development of fat lamb production. The experience of New Zealand has shown the possibilities of this method of exploiting high-yielding pastures.

Before the war pig numbers were about 1 million and poultry close on 20 million. Owing to shortage and high prices of imported feeding stuffs on which pigs and poultry had been largely dependent, the numbers diminished during the war and have not yet recovered.

As already pointed out, the extension of the fodder barley area would greatly increase output in products of special importance to the small farmer. Shortage of labour has limited the growth

of potatoes. If an efficient harvester were forthcoming, the potato, with its potentialities in the Irish climate for very high yields, would probably regain its traditional position as a source of feed in the farmyard. There is little doubt that the same concentration of energy and engineering skill as evolved the Irish Sugar Company's Armer harvester would solve the problem.

There has been in Ireland a very considerable development of agricultural co-operative Societies since the late Sir Horace Plunkett and Rev. T. A. Finlay, S.J., began their work against heavy odds over sixty years ago. There are some 300 Societies with a turnover in 1954 of £47 million. The Societies are mainly situated in the dairying districts. In addition to milk processing, most of the Societies engage in a variety of activities—the provision of fertilisers, feeding stuffs and seeds, the marketing of grain and other farm commodities, etc. The pioneer work in establishing an A.I. station in Ireland was carried out by a co-operative society. Four such stations are now being operated by Co-operative Societies and one is under construction. The Societies are very sound financially, and the management personnel of the highest order, displaying great initiative in new developments for the good of the communities they serve.

Conditions in the unhappy history of the country in the past have not been such to favour concentration on maximum efficiency in agriculture. The strange lack of appreciation of the vital importance of agriculture in the economy on the part of those in authority in the last few decades is difficult to explain. In any case, there is much leeway to be made up. Output per acre and per man is low. Incomes are far too low to counteract the attractions of urban life in Britain or elsewhere. To change these conditions to what would certainly follow on a highly productive agriculture is going to be a formidable job, but nothing comparable to what has been achieved in recent years in reorganising life in the countries of Europe ravaged by war. Ireland is happily situated compared with so many places in the world where there is but limited economic opportunity. It has been endowed with a favourable climate and a potentially fertile soil in a world where, notwithstanding temporary vicissitudes, the long term probabilities would seem to favour food production.

There are many grounds for confidence that the problem will be tackled with energy. Financial authorities and economists now

realise the absolute necessity of a revolutionary change in our agriculture. Farmers, themselves, are more and more growing into the realisation that a break with tradition is essential to their well-being—that price is only one element towards profit, and that the greatest safety in the long run lies in maximum output per acre and per man. The farmer, however, has to be a master of many crafts. He cannot be expected to be the master of the many sciences in the complex biological problems of crop and animal production. New knowledge in agriculture emerges from research in laboratory and field in bewildering profusion. Whatever is of practical application must be canalised to the farmer in a form which he can understand and which will bring conviction to him.

Much thought and not a little experiment is being applied in many countries on the best means of bringing the achievements of science to the aid of the farmer. In Ireland advisory services in the past have been on a scale far too meagre. The defects are now being remedied as rapidly as trained graduates in agriculture become available. In the past facilities for graduate training have been inadequate, and until recently facilities for research were almost non-existent. In the last few years there has been much discussion and not a little controversy on the best method of remedying existing defects.

The future of the country depends on the full development of its resources of soil and climate. Adequate facilities for research, and for agricultural education at all levels is a first essential in a programme designed to extract the greater wealth which is possible from the land.

RESTORING IRISH

By

PETER BIRCH

FOR OVER a quarter of a century the restoration of Irish as a spoken language has been accepted state policy in Ireland, a policy which is closely bound up with the question of education. It does not lend itself readily, however, to calm

objective discussion, for there are too many emotional factors involved, while, as well as that, the whole movement demands much prior historical and cultural clarification, and this may involve in turn the invocation of values and principles not always or easily recognised as such.

Two distinct but closely connected problems are contained in the question of restoring the Irish language. These are its extension to the whole country as a means of ordinary communication, and the internal expansion of the language itself, which has been prevented from developing by natural gradual growth to satisfy modern cultural needs. Those two problems are interdependent. In the educational field they coincide generally with the use of the language as a medium of ordinary instruction in the lower grades of education, and its use in the higher grades as a satisfactory means of expressing scientific concepts and literary ideas. Besides these, there is another question, namely the extent to which it is hoped to restore the language, whether, that is, the aim should be to strive for exclusive use of Irish or to accept bilingualism.

For outsiders, and perhaps sometimes for Irishmen themselves, confusion is caused by the introduction of matters which are completely irrelevant. These irrelevancies are many, but perhaps the worst are what Daniel Corkery dismisses under the general title of "greenery"; they are the present-day substitute for the stage Irishman of the last century, and they are bad because they are very misleading. Since they help to "sell" an idea of Ireland which, however unreal, some find attractive and quaint and are prepared to pay for, many are willing to provide it as a commercial article. But these things have nothing to do with the language movement except to cause misunderstanding. Under his term "greenery" Corkery includes such apparently diverse things as "flag-waving, House of Commons oratory, harps, shamrocks, blackthorns, fairies and Celtic Twilight," all obviously salesmen's goods and generally not of Irish manufacture. Though they have nothing to do with the Irish language, or very little, they tend to be confused with it, and they give the impression that the whole movement is either one of unreality or one of uncultured appeal to the groundlings. All ante-date the Gaelic League and Sinn Féin, and the growth of a dignified national consciousness for which these movements were responsible.

The attempt to restore the Irish language is a very serious matter of national cultural development. As such, it provides an interesting social and educational experiment in modern times, which merits the tribute of serious study, whether one agrees with it or not. The tendency towards standardisation and the acceptance of commercial norms is characteristic of the present day. In so far as the Irish movement is the attempt of a small nation to resist what a living British statesman has called "the ever-conquering English language," and to judge national policy on grounds that are the opposite of commercially advantageous, it is certainly stimulating. The really devastating argument which advocates of the Irish revival are expected to be overwhelmed by is that it is no use, that it will not pay, and that it is actually injurious to economic prospects. It is not easy for people living in a commercial empire, who have a tradition of colonising, to recognise that such a policy of separatism may be necessary in the interests of national self-fulfilment, or to see attempts to implement it as more than a form of foolishness.

With regard to the expansion of the Irish language itself, much has already been done, and the impatience sometimes expressed springs as much from dissatisfaction with those who fail to be encouraged by this, as from the failure of others to see it. The language had disappeared in the more accessible parts of the country, and had been practically restricted to fishermen and peasants and their rather simple requirements. It was not, as such, likely material for higher education. The Gaelic League, a voluntary and unaided body, was founded a little over sixty years ago to arrest further restriction of the language, and to preserve and develop what survived. Thirty years later, the resources of the new state were put at the disposal of the movement to supplement the work. Today, satisfactory lectures in Irish are being delivered at University level in the departments of Arts, Science and Commerce, at least. Textbooks are not available to a corresponding extent, but this is due to other factors. The effect of this internal expansion of the language is an important one, for it means that Irish is becoming an acceptable tool for use in the higher levels of education, and may no longer be dismissed as unsuitable for learned discussion.

The paucity of satisfactory textbooks at higher levels is partly explained by the fact that the country is small, and sufficient

readers are not available. Few other conclusions can safely be drawn from the shortage, though there are two which would seem to be indicated. One is that, because of economic reasons, Irish scholars will have to depend for a long time to come on foreign scientific works in the main. Another is that if these Irish scholars wish to publish, the same economic reasons may compel them to use some other language besides Irish, even in spite of the fact that scholarly publications are beginning to appear in Irish with the help of government subventions. In passing, one is tempted to remark that if it is true, as is sometimes said, that the language of specialised scientific studies is becoming so esoteric as to be almost unintelligible to any but other specialists, the dearth of textbooks in Irish may not be the handicap it seems.

It is clear that the language has acquired sufficient flexibility and range already for adequate scientific and artistic discussion, and hence that the deficiencies which remain can be supplied. This is, in the circumstances, an achievement. One part of the programme of restoring Irish is in process of being realised, though perhaps it might be better looked on as necessary preliminary work. What is lacking in the language is being supplied by using native forms of vocabulary wedded to Latin and Greek derivatives, as was done in devising new scientific terminology in Germany, for example. To do this in a natural manner, it is necessary that students of the language be in close touch with the professions and the sciences, so that they will recognise genuine linguistic deficiencies and be able to supply for them, and this explains the insistence on proof of proficiency in the Irish language demanded from candidates for admission to the various professions.

In post-primary education there are other problems. After primary school the educational programme divides. First, there are grammar schools providing a general education of an academic nature, with a fairly fixed, but still variable, curriculum. The variation normal is between Ancient Classics, Modern Languages (chiefly French), Mathematics, and Science subjects, almost all introduced at the beginning of the secondary school period. Whereas in the primary school, practically the same programme is followed by all, in the secondary school allowance is made for individual requirements. The purpose is to prepare pupils for higher studies in university or professional colleges, and to equip

for a full life as part of an integrated Irish community. The alternatives allowed in the curriculum make provision for the different needs; the constant or common subjects form the binding force which links the whole together, and links the primary with the secondary. The chief of these constant subjects in the secondary curriculum are Irish and religion, with English in a varying degree. Competence in Irish is necessary. Teachers must prove competence to use Irish as a teaching medium as well as having a knowledge of the language. Some schools go much further in their use of the Irish language. In about half the schools of the country pupils are taught some of their subjects with Irish as the language of instruction, while in others the whole programme is taught through the medium of Irish. The normal medium of extra-curricular communication in these latter schools is Irish, while it may vary in the others. Thus Irish is probably less universally used than in primary schools, but the uses to which the language is put are much wider.

At the beginning of his secondary school course it is normally taken that the average pupil has acquired sufficient Irish, whatever his home background, for ordinary communication; at the end of it, he should be able to use that language as a competent instrument for his scholastic needs, and as a basis for further study. The position is generally similar with regard to the other department of post-primary education, the vocational type as it is called, though of course the instruction provided here is less academic and linguistic.

In the lower levels of education the position is somewhat more complicated. To begin with, although practically the same programme is offered for all, there are three linguistic classes to be catered for. First, there is the comparatively small number for whom Irish is the mother tongue; these may know a greater or lesser amount of English as a second language. Then there are those—again a comparatively small number—for whom standard English is the mother tongue, and for whom Irish is a completely new language; generally speaking these are to be found in the bigger towns and in the higher-income homes. By far the greatest part of the pupils of the country fall into the third class. For these, though English may be said to be their mother tongue, it is not standard English, but it is a form of English dialect which

has many affinities with Irish in spite of such standardising agencies as school and printed matter, or the more recent radio and film. The English spoken by this group contains many turns of phrase, idioms and expressions, as well as pronunciation, which are based on an Irish tradition and an Irish way of thought. Learning standard English for these has many of the features of learning a new language, as anyone who has had experience of teaching them knows. Irish is to a greater extent a new language, and while each may gain advantages from the other, there are also clear disadvantages which are inseparable from the attempt to "straddle" the two languages, and the two modes of thought formation.

As for primary education, the schools have been given a double task. Besides providing the instruction normal for primary scholars, they must also provide, simultaneously, a sufficient knowledge of Irish to fit these pupils for further instruction, and to enable them to carry on normal conversation in that language. The method employed is direct use of the language. Reading is taught on the advanced "look and say" principle. The recently effected simplification of spelling makes this method more feasible. Much of the teaching in these schools is carried on through the medium of Irish as early as practicable, whatever the linguistic background of the children may be, while English is taught as a second language.

Theoretically such a practice should prove a grave handicap to learning progress, outside the Irish-speaking areas, because of the use of an unfamiliar teaching medium, one other than the children's mother tongue. In fact, however, this handicap is not unanimously accepted as such in practice, wherever proper precautions are taken, and the necessary vocabulary is given to the pupils in advance. Occasionally there have been cases where officious zeal outran prudence and the learning process suffered. The recently published findings of an investigating Council of Education recommended no real change in the official directives, however. Some of the reason for this somewhat unexpected result may be found in the fact already referred to, that even where the pupil's mother tongue is English, in many cases it is a form of English based on Irish, so that the structure and the ethos of the pupils' language is not completely strange to the new language. Other reasons may be found in extra-school factors compensating for whatever handicaps there may be.

Not all, however, accept the present methods of teaching as the best possible in the circumstances. There is a strong body of professional opinion which holds that the use of Irish as a teaching medium for the majority of pupils in primary schools is unrealistic, and is therefore wasteful of energy, and harmful to the all-round development of the pupils, including their development in Irish. Those who hold this opinion would have the language taught as a second language, and would use English as the mother tongue for teaching purposes. This position was taken up by a report as a result of a private investigation conducted by the primary teachers' organisation some years ago. The problem is whether the language should be looked on as a second language or a primary teaching medium.

Complaints are frequently made both by teachers and the general public that spelling, grammar, and composition in English have deteriorated over the last thirty years because of the pre-occupation with Irish in the schools. The causal connection has not, however, been established, and in fact similar complaints are made of other systems and in other countries, which have not the problem of two languages at this early stage. They were made, for example, in the official report submitted by a departmental committee in the early 1920's on the teaching of English in England. They are heard repeatedly from America. And a recent English H.M.S.O. publication might be mistaken as listing the complaints usually preferred against Irish under this heading. It mentions "the local employer who complains that the products of his town's schools cannot spell, punctuate, compose, or hold themselves up straight and speak audibly at an interview." It goes on to show that these complaints are not new for they have all been heard before, and so it concludes "they are therefore not a product of 'new-fangled' methods in the primary schools."

It is also frequently claimed that the policy of language restoration has not given results commensurate with the energy devoted to it in the schools, and that this is due to lack of enthusiasm for it in the homes, and outside the schools generally. This appears to be too great a generalisation, though there may be some limited justification for it. First of all, it must be pointed out that the policy, as a state policy, has been in operation only for one generation, and in many cases adults who would have been willing to take an active interest in it, were unable to do so, because they

were not sufficiently acquainted with the language the children were being taught. Secondly, it is clear that in all parts of the educational programme a deep-delving change has been taking place in Ireland, similar to what has been happening in other parts of the world, by which the formal education of the young is being handed over to professional teachers more and more. Whatever is thought of an educational policy, its implementation is looked upon as the task of the school, and parents are frequently unwilling to take an active part in it. This general attitude is naturally sharpened and encouraged by the transitional stage through which contemporary education is going in all countries, and not merely in Ireland, as a result of which adults find themselves out of touch with new theories and methods in use in the education of their children. These changes are responsible for what Professor Jacks calls the "veiled antagonism" so often found between parents and children, who should be "senior and junior partners in an enterprise." These factors must be taken into account before assessing what may appear to be lack of enthusiasm or even outright cynicism on the part of adults, in regard to the Irish language policy in education.

That there should be some dissatisfaction with the expending of so much energy on a specifically Irish educational policy, and impatience with the general results obtained is understandable. It is natural that many should think it of lesser importance while the country's economic problems remain unsolved. A case could easily be made, however, for the contention that many of these difficulties are connected with our adopting borrowed standards of life, which we are unable to support.

The fact that so many Irishmen emigrate is frequently put forward as further proof that the present language policy is wasteful, for it is claimed that the time spent on learning Irish deprives these of the opportunity of learning more useful subjects. Fundamentally such a line of argument is "defeatist," for it supposes that present difficulties will always remain, and emigration will always be a feature of our economy. It assumes, too, that English will disappear here, which not all would propose as an aim, and it raises the very complicated question of whether a general education is better than a specialised one, with the additional complication in this case that we cannot know what we should specialise in. The history of emigration from Ireland

does not show that a knowledge of Irish is a handicap, while the position of other nationals who emigrate to English-speaking countries leads to no definite conclusions on the question. In fact consciously maintained links, as strong as possible, would seem to be desirable during the period when the emigrant is settling in his new country, and there are scarcely any links stronger than those forged by language. The value of this with regard to religion is borne out by a recent survey of the Church in Canada. "The figures which precede insinuate this truth, 'The tongue, a guardian of Faith' . . . The official figures bear out this assertion. The English and the Scots have remained Protestant. The French Canadians, the Italians, the Polish . . . have remained Catholics. The Irish who have lost their tongue have lost their faith in a large measure. . . . The official figures of 1931, 1941 and 1951 give of this undeniable proof" (*The Catholic Church in Canada* 1956).

IRISH WRITING

By

DENIS DONOGHUE

STARTING with the long view, we are forced to be strident: there is no choice. There may be compensations as we proceed, but here and now the facts as they stand are sharp and unmistakable. One: Irish writers have not even begun to see the point of Yeats, to understand his language. Two: as far as Joyce is concerned, Irish writers have seen only the surface glitter, the virtuosity. It is well that somebody in America (yes) and in England (possibly) is devoting time and intelligence to these two giants: nobody in Ireland bothers. Niall Montgomery, who occasionally thinks about Joyce, is just as skittish as Denis Johnston when he comes to write about the man's work (see the defunct *Envoy*, April 1951). The stock response of Irish literary men to an enforced consideration of Yeats and Joyce is a sneer at those

foreigners who have written seriously about their achievement (Kenner, McLuhan, Levin, Ellmann, etc.).

Joyce died in 1941, and Irish fiction has not yet caught up with *Dubliners*. Flann O'Brien borrowed as many of Joyce's insights as he could grasp to write *At Swim-Two-Birds* (1939) and has managed nothing as good since. The conversation between Furriskey, Lamont and Shanahan leading to Shanahan's rendering of "The Workman's Friend" is a direct imitation of "Ivy Day in the Committee Room": even the song is a funny-postcard version of "The Death of Parnell":

In time of trouble and lousy strife,
You have still got a darlint plan,
You still can turn to a brighter life—
A PINT OF PLAIN IS YOUR ONLY MAN!

Flann O'Brien borrowed most, however, from the "Ithaca" episode of *Ulysses*. In *At Swim-Two-Birds*, and earlier still in Eimar O'Duffy's *King Goshawk* (1926) fantasy and Joyce's example injected some life into Irish fiction, but there has been nothing to approach the Christmas dinner scene in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. Brinsley MacNamara's *The Various Lives of Marcus Igoe* (1929) is still fairly lively: Marcus is the most touching Walter Mitty we have.

Of the younger writers Mervyn Wall would be well worth reading if he could tackle the formal problems which overwhelm him in the novel: he is more aware than any other writer of that *malaise* which is destroying Irish life. James Plunkett writes about poor Dublin Catholics, sometimes abandoning himself to bogus symbolism (as in "Janey Mary"), sometimes writing with fine poise (as in "The Damned"). Walter Macken and Benedict Kiely write best-sellers.

This literature is important only on a narrow, chauvinistic or sentimental view. Yeats, Joyce and Synge (*Deirdre* anyway) are the only Irish writers of this century whom a serious student of English literature *must* read, life being short.

Even as it stands, however, modern Irish fiction is far more rewarding than the Irish contribution to contemporary drama. Brendan Behan's *The Quare Fellow*, which thrilled London, is a one-act conception padded out to full length: tiresome and repetitive. Of the Abbey dramatists the strongest is M. J. Molloy:

the most intelligent, Teresa Deevy. Michael MacLiammóir has the best brain in the Irish theatre.

The Abbey Theatre, which produced the later version of *The Quare Fellow*, has recently revived [sic] John McCann's *Early and Often*. The standard of acting at this theatre has fallen considerably after a brief post-1948 improvement. This is not surprising. The policy of the Directors, in encouraging an absurd concentration on one type of play (kitchen comedy), drastically restricts the expressive potentialities of the actors. Eric Bentley has complained that when he came to the Abbey in 1950 to produce *The House of Bernarda Alba* he found that the actresses' bodies were so inert that they could reflect very little of the energy of the dialogue. Under the present organisation of the Theatre, there can be no improvement.

Modern Irish poetry is a sounder proposition. There is one very fine poet in this country who can survive comparison with such writers as Edwin Muir and John Crowe Ransom. He is not, I regret, Patrick Kavanagh. *The Great Hunger*, Mr. Kavanagh's showpiece, is not wearing very well: lines such as

We will wait and watch the tragedy to the last curtain
and

October playing a symphony on a slack wire paling
point to a bogus conception of "Style" which arises from the poet's inability to exploit or extend his chosen convention. The tendency of Mr. Kavanagh's ballad-writing to adopt a self-consciously "literary" stance is a compensatory impulse: the poet, finding his convention inflexible, resorts either to "fine writing" or to mere rhymed remarks as in "The Christmas Mummers." What is genuinely *fine* in *The Great Hunger* is that the tone is often struck from a palpable and realised image:

Evening at the cross-roads—
Heavy heads nodding out words as wise
As the rumination of cows after milking.
From the ragged road surface a boy picks up
A piece of gravel and stares at it—and then
He flings it across the elm tree on to the railway.
It means nothing,
Not a damn thing.

Mr. Kavanagh's *Ploughman and Other Poems* (1936) is a collection of earnest, unpretentious lyrics; the manner is post-Georgian and the general level of achievement is roughly that of Ledwidge or of F. R. Higgins. "April" is characteristic:

Now is the hour we rake out the ashes
Of the spirit-fires winter-kindled.
This old temple must fall,
We dare not leave it
Dark, unlovely, deserted.
Level! O level it down!
Here we are building a bright new town.

That old cranky spinster is dead
Who fed us cold flesh.
And in the green meadows
The maiden of Spring is with child
By the Holy Ghost.

Mr. Kavanagh has published very few poems in recent years. Much of his prose since *Tarry Flynn* is to be found in *Kavanagh's Weekly*, a fugitive periodical in which Mr. Kavanagh commented on public affairs, described Knut Hamsun as "probably the greatest novelist of our time," and praised the B.B.C. for employing the best writers in England ("MacNeice, W. R. Rodgers, John Arlott, P. H. Newby and many others"). More recently, Mr. Kavanagh delivered a series of amusing lectures at University College, Dublin, in which he spoke of Life, quoted St. Augustine, and praised George Barker. The material of these lectures is to be published by the Arts Council.

The main defect in Mr. Kavanagh's writing, an inadequate grasp of the potentialities of language as a penetrative instrument, is very common in contemporary Irish writing (e.g., Sean O'Faolain's "Midsummer Madness"). In the poems of Valentin Iremonger it emerges as insensitivity to the connotations of words: in one of his poems he describes the sun *smearing* the fields with sunshine, though nothing in the context sanctions the verb. Or again, Mr. Iremonger's language shows him frequently caught off balance, flirting with a theme he has not genuinely encompassed; radically insecure. "Spring Stomp" is Mr. Iremonger's *Venus Observed*:

So, love, let you come dancing
 Down the jazzy lanes of spring,
 Through the ragtime green of meadows
 By the high cliff's muted brink.
 Let's swing it by the river
 To the torch-song of the water
 While yet our sinews answer
 The off-beat's hot-licked pause.

Mr. Iremonger's best poems are concerned with life in terms of radical betrayal: they attempt to exorcise this evil by naming it and pointing to its activity in unlikely places. His finest poems are his most popular, "Icarus" and "This Houre Her Vigill": in the latter, language penetrates its material with economy and poise:

Elizabeth, frigidly stretched,
 On a spring day surprised us
 With her starched dignity and the quietness
 Of her hands clasping a black cross.
 With book and candle and holy water dish
 She received us in the room with the blind down.
 Her eyes were peculiarly closed and we knelt shyly
 Noticing the blot of her hair on the white pillow.

The best poet writing in Ireland today is Austin Clarke. Much of his *Collected Poems* (1936) was engrossed with material and attitudes which Yeats had outgrown by the time he wrote *The Green Helmet*, and the volume contains nothing as valuable as Mr. Clarke's prose romance *The Singing-Men at Cashel*. Mr. Clarke has been preserved as a poet, however, by his concern for language, by his devotion to the *medium*: one never finds in his work the sheer insensitivity in the handling of language which disfigures so much of Mr. Kavanagh's writing. The title-poem of Mr. Clarke's new, very slim volume *Ancient Lights* is the best short poem written in Ireland since "The Circus Animals' Desertion." The poem is too long to quote. The reader who looks it up should also appreciate the artistry in the word "storied" in the poem called "Bequests" from the same volume.

It is difficult to reconcile these subtle and ambiguous poems with Mr. Clarke the critic who publishes tepid reviews in the

Irish Times; or with the author of the officially-sponsored *Poetry in Modern Ireland* who suggests that Yeats in *A Vision* was "cocking a malicious eye" at the Irish! As critic Mr. Clarke sneers at "modernism," by which he seems to mean the achievements of Eliot and Pound: as poet he writes some of the most intricate short poems of this century. As poet he knows what a poem (a *good* poem) is: as critic he presents, as the most significant modern Irish poets, F. R. Higgins and Robert Farren.

Of the young poets in Ireland today the most interesting is Thomas Kinsella, whose work is beginning to filter into English anthologies. Mr. Kinsella already encompasses "large" statements with a considerable degree of control: usually because they are sanctioned by image and situation, by context. His outstanding weakness at the moment is a tendency to luxuriate in gestures of romantic isolation:

My quarter-inch of cigarette
Goes flaring down to Baggot Street,
Mission accomplished. Those who trod,
Today, that stone it dies on, lie
Companionably asleep, in God
Locking their property. All that I
Am sure of in this jaded night
Is the slow explosion of my pulse
In a wrist with poet's cramp, a tight
Beat tapping out endless calls
Into the dark, as the alien
Garrison in my blood
Keeps constant contact with the main
Mystery, not to be understood.

The rhyming "I" is such a blatant whine, set off in its isolation against "companionably" and "God." The death of the cigarette is *his* death, etc. etc. The emotional issue is forced in "jaded": "explosion" is designed less to "render the thing" than to coax the reader to sympathise with the hyper-sensitive Poet; and all in the service of the capitalised "Mystery." Mr. Kinsella is probably writing too much and too fluently: he could learn a great deal from Mr. Clarke's *Ancient Lights* or from the austere poems of Yvor Winters. In the meantime, however,—and since we can hardly claim Donald Davie as Irish property—Mr. Kinsella is our White Hope.

THE LANE PICTURES

By

LORD MOYNE

IT MUST be over twenty years since I first wrote in the press on the subject of the Lane Pictures. I have returned to the charge at intervals. To prod the conscience of one's country (I am a British citizen) can be a rewarding task while there is a response. But to have to say the same thing over and over again, and to find individuals sympathetic but Governments always paralysed by the *vis inertiae* of "What we have we hold," is a despairing experience, so that to talk or write of the Lane pictures gives me the same uncomfortable kind of feeling as to beat my head against a brick wall. The inaction of the British authorities amounts to a piece of dishonourable shabbiness: yet I am convinced that nobody concerned has meant to be mean or shabby: British behaviour has been governed by the multiplicity of bodies concerned and the passing of the buck to and fro between the Governments of the day and the Trustees of the Galleries who apparently consider themselves bound by their Trusteeship to hold on to the pictures. The *vis inertiae* has been made easier by the refusal of the Irish Authorities to accept the customary British panacea of compromise, since they have felt that nothing short of a permanent transfer of the legal ownership to Dublin will provide a just and permanent solution of the problem.

It may be useful to go over the events which led to this unhappy controversy. Sir Hugh Lane, an Irishman by birth, a nephew of the celebrated playwright and woman of letters, Lady Gregory, and himself keenly interested in the Irish artistic and literary movement, established in 1907 a municipal gallery of modern art in Dublin. He later proposed the building of a permanent modern gallery to house the collection, which contained his own thirty-nine continental pictures on loan, as well as others presented by many eminent people. Various sites were considered, but eventually Lane insisted that the gallery should be built on a bridge across the Liffey designed by the late Sir Edwin Lutyens.

Disagreement with the Dublin Corporation was finally reached in 1913, and some £11,000 collected from the public was returned to the donors. Lane then, in 1913, brought his thirty-nine continental pictures away from the municipal collection to the London National Gallery. He bequeathed them to the London National Gallery on 3 October, 1913, by will. In February 1914, the Board of the National Gallery changed their minds while Lane was in America—not the time he did not get back, but during a previous journey—and they refused to hang more than fifteen out of the thirty-nine. Among those they rejected were Renoir's "Umbrellas" and Daumier's "Don Quixote." A stipulation was also made by the Board, in their letter of 15 February, that the pictures should be given or bequeathed to the Gallery. Lane on his return from America replied: "I should never have dreamt of submitting my pictures for selection to the Board who, however distinguished in other respects, have no competence as experts in modern painting; the omissions and exclusions prove that I am right in that view." They certainly did. Lane then went on: "You ask my intentions as to the ultimate destination of the pictures. The question it seems to me should have been asked before the offer was accepted. I refuse any definite promise, as I do not intend to act hastily." It is noteworthy that he refused to commit himself for the future, even though his will leaving the pictures to the London National Gallery was already executed. The pictures were accordingly taken down from the walls during the spring of 1914 and stored in the cellars.

On 26 February, 1914, Sir Hugh Lane was elected a director of the National Gallery in Dublin. On 3 February, 1915, in anticipation of a journey which he was to make under war-time conditions to the United States, he drew up a codicil and left the thirty-nine pictures to the City of Dublin, on condition that a suitable building was provided within five years of his death. The codicil was written on the notepaper of the Irish National Gallery, was signed, and an alteration in the date was initialled; he left it in a sealed envelope on his desk in the National Gallery in Dublin. It is perhaps relevant that I should mention that the journey on which Sir Hugh Lane lost his life was made on behalf of an insurance company against which the late Lord Duveen had made a claim. There was no love lost between these two great men, Sir Hugh Lane and Lord Duveen, as is evidenced

in a letter by Sir Alec Martin of Christie's in the *Burlington Magazine* of 18 June, 1948.

Sir Hugh Lane was drowned in the *Lusitania* on his return journey from America the following May. Although he did not mention the codicil as such to anyone, several affidavits as to the intentions which he expressed during his last days in England and Ireland testify to his decision that the pictures should come back to Dublin. Most noteworthy is that of his close friend, Sir Alec Martin, who travelled with him to Liverpool before he sailed on his last journey to America. Sir Alec, who would himself have preferred Lane to give the pictures to London, is quite categorical in saying Lane told him on the journey to Liverpool that his mind was made up that they should go to Dublin. Affidavits by A. E. (George Russell) and three others are to the same very definite effect. Mr. James Quinn, the distinguished American lawyer and art collector, who was the last person in America to see him, has given the same account of his intention.

The best evidence that can be produced of any opposite inclination on Lane's part at this time is the recollection of Mr. Aitken, then Keeper of the Tate Gallery, and therefore not exactly an unbiased witness, of a conversation he had with Lane towards the end of March 1915 and so some weeks after the codicil was written, in which Lane is alleged to have said that his final decision would depend on the treatment he received from the authorities of London and Dublin respectively. Such a statement appears quite consistent with the frame of mind of a man who thinks he has executed a codicil which he intends shall operate if he dies without revoking it, but who realises that codicils are revocable and that his mind could conceivably change. There is no evidence up to the time of his death that his mind had changed as regards the codicil which he considered a legal disposition.

In 1924, the British Government set up a Committee of three to report whether, first, Sir Hugh Lane thought he was making a legal disposition when he signed the codicil; and secondly, whether in view of the international character of the matter at issue the legal defect should be remedied by legislation. The Committee found by a majority that Lane did think he was making a legal disposition. No minority Report is given, and no reasons are advanced for the minority view. The Committee

went on to reject the remedy of legislation, except to propose a short Act to enable the pictures to be lent within a lesser period than fifteen years. Such an Act was never passed though Lord Carson made some attempt to introduce one which was disqualified by the Examiners as it had not been published in London. Major John Hills, one of the Committee of Inquiry, also made an unsuccessful attempt in the same direction by suggesting an amendment to the National Gallery Overseas Loans Bill in 1930.

The Committee's reasons for not recommending the absolute return of the pictures by Act of Parliament were that in their view Lane would have been so much impressed by the Tate Gallery, then being enlarged, that he would have changed his mind. This seems to be an unwarranted assumption in itself, in view of the well-known coldness between Lane and the late Lord Duveen, but it is preceded by the extraordinary assertion that "... on the assurance that possession would be in perpetuity, the London Gallery had secured the gift of a gallery in which the pictures were to be housed."

That is taken from the Committee's Report. If any such assurance was given by the Trustees of the National Gallery, which I frankly do not believe of them, it was as much as to say that they were prepared for a price to do something which they might feel in honour bound not to do. The facts regarding the codicil were already public knowledge and the argument simply cannot be entertained. Incidentally none of the pictures hang in the Duveen rooms.

Another reason against legislative action advanced by the Committee was that they knew of no case in which a legal defect in a will or codicil had been removed by an Act of Parliament to give effect to the true wishes of a testator. Yet it so happens that within four years of their deliberations a private Act of Parliament was passed to give to London certain pictures which my own grandfather had intended for Ken Wood but which he had in fact left to my father. Surely we ought not to have a one-way traffic in such things, and that what is permissible to bring pictures to London ought to be permissible to bring pictures to Dublin. If it be argued that the Trustees of the National Gallery cannot, owing to the terms of their Trust, be consenting parties, as was my father and the rest of us, surely the national conscience

rests ultimately in Parliament, and this is essentially a question for legislation.

There is one further argument which has been advanced against returning the pictures to the Dublin Municipal authorities: the gallery was not provided within the stipulated time. First there was the War, and then there were what in Ireland are called "the troubles," and people said, "It is enough for us to pledge ourselves now to build the gallery if and when the pictures come." But there were men and women of faith in Dublin; men and women who believed in our sense of equity and who were prepared to cast their bread upon the waters. At the suggestion of that inspiring and determined lady the late Miss Sarah Purser, herself a painter of great talent, the lovely building Charlemont House, designed in the eighteenth century by Sir William Chambers, was by 1932 converted into an admirable picture gallery; and there, in the midst of the municipal collection founded by Lane, the collection of which he remained an honorary director until the end of his life, the empty room for his thirty-nine continental pictures is waiting. But if the delay in building should be held against Dublin's claim, it must be remembered that in the event of the Gallery not being built within the five years the unwitnessed codicil provides that the pictures should go to the General Purposes of the Will which are the provision of pictures for the National Gallery not of London but of Dublin. The Trustees of the National Gallery of Dublin have said that they would in fact transfer the pictures to Charlemont House; but in any event the instrument which is the last formally expressed, though not validly executed, wish of Lane provides that the ownership of the pictures should go to Dublin.

Though forty years and more have gone by since the tragic death of Sir Hugh Lane, I do not despair that justice will eventually be done—so many and such distinguished individuals have been convinced of the rightness of Dublin's case—Governments have several times come near to moving and have put out feelers like Mr. Baldwin's in 1926 to see if a compromise would be acceptable.

In Ireland it is felt that to accept any compromise which gave only a part of a collection made by Lane as the specific nucleus of a modern collection for Dublin would be to go against his

wishes: and it is felt besides that as long as the legal ownership remains in London any pictures lent to Dublin would eventually be recalled with consequent perpetuation of the controversy. It would appear to be the duty of Parliament to legislate on behalf of the British national conscience to put things right. Of compromises which have been adumbrated the most sensible in my own personal view is one by which the pictures would be divided into two groups of equal importance, one of which would be kept in London and one in Dublin for periods of say five or ten years. This would avoid any serious hanging difficulties since, when the pictures came to be exchanged, the space they had occupied would be available for the incoming group. Such an arrangement could be given a contractual form under which the Trustees might legally bind themselves, and by its nature would involve the retention of pledges of good faith by both parties. There is no reason however to suppose that such an arrangement would be acceptable to the Irish authorities, or that it will ever be proposed by the Gallery Trustees in London unless the Government or Parliament insist, since as Trustees they are likely to feel that their first duty is to their Trusts. Whatever the relative merits of any of the proposed compromises, I feel that any solution short of the transfer of the legal ownership to Dublin is to spoil the ship for a ha'p'orth of tar: and that we ought not to be decent and generous by halves. Where our collective duty is to do the right thing which an individual would do (as in the case of my father and the Ken Wood collection) it is up to us all, whether citizens, Trustees, Members of Parliament, or of Her Majesty's Government, to search our hearts. If there is any substantial doubt as to whether Lane at his death wished the pictures to stay in London our honour is involved: and in the last resort it must not be forgotten that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

THE ARTS

Religious Sculpture

THE FRUITFUL AGE of Irish monasticism also gave to Irish tradition much that was fine in architecture, sculpture and illustration. The stone sculpture in the Irish Romanesque churches is vigorous and charming and, with the great stone crosses, is almost the only native legacy of sculpture that exists for the contemporary sculptor. There is, of course, the marvellous metal work in gold and enamels seen in altar and processional crosses, chalices, jewels and church ornaments, with the highly intricate but elegant delicacy of tracery and interlacing, reflecting the same influence and style as the famous illustrations of the Gospels, the Books of Kells, Durrow, Lindisfarne, etc. This intricate interlacing assumes quite another character when it is carved out in stone as, for example, in Cormac's Chapel on the Rock of Cashel. It exhales a more apprehensible reality in the broader treatment imposed by the stone, and has a more human appeal than the phenomenal virtuosity of the manuscript decorations.

The predominance of abstract and symbolic decoration in the Hiberno-Romanesque churches and throughout all the Irish religious art of the period is striking. Leaping over a great stretch of time, it can be imagined as the reappearance and continuation of a traditional feeling for abstract pattern apparent in the pre-historic megalithic carving which is found on stone slabs in tombs and burial places. None of these carvings are representational as they are in other countries at the same period—but are all of a symbolic and decorative nature.

That traditional feeling for abstract design has not survived in the sculpture of the present day. It still lives in the peasant tradition, for example in St. Brigid's Cross which is woven from reeds every year by the country people for St. Brigid's Day on 1 February, and which is a simple, elegant design. However, the vast majority of religious sculpture in Ireland is appallingly bad. The reasons are numerous. It must be admitted that, in general, patronage from the clergy is of the worst possible kind, although it is extremely generous. Eighty-five per cent of the country's religious sculpture consists of mass-produced imported products. Donors are encouraged to buy a manufactured statue in a shop rather than commission a sculptor. Where a sculptor is employed slickness, sentimentality and glamour are encouraged, and it is not surprising that the resulting works show insincerity and embarrassing vulgarity. There is also a widespread and unfortunate tendency to superimpose religious themes on political monuments, giving rise to a disastrous confusion of issues and values.

The sculptors themselves are not entirely blameless. Many of them make no attempt to dissuade their patrons from insisting on inferior standards. Of course their position is difficult—it is extremely hard to make a living as a sculptor in Ireland. There are hardly more than six full-time sculptors in the country; the remainder earn their living by other means and sculpt when they can.

There are exceptions among the clergy who, on the contrary, are enlightened patrons and demand the highest standards of integrity and imagination from their artists. Among them may be counted their Lordships the Bishops of Galway and Clonfert, the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Moloney of Limerick, and the Rector of St Mary's College, Emo, Fr. Donal O'Sullivan, S.J., who is a source of the utmost consolation and encouragement to contemporary Irish artists, possessing true aesthetic understanding and appreciation.

Although there are several sculptors who produce pleasing secular works—including Hilary Heron, John Bourke, Ian Stuart, Michael Biggs and others—and although there are quite a number of sculptors who specialise in religious art, there is only one first-rate religious sculptor, Oisín Kelly. He is a man of profound religious convictions and his work reflects the power of his conviction and the strength of his own intellect and talent. He is learned in the writings of the Fathers of the Church, and in the liturgy. The result is that his work is neither forced nor dramatic but has a true religious serenity. The only weakness in his sculpture is a certain humoristic streak, an Irish wit, which is appealing, certainly, but which sometimes lowers the stature of the work. Nevertheless, it is a fault which he has inherited from his ancestors and which is apparent in much of Irish medieval art.

Oisín Kelly's early work is largely influenced by Romanesque Irish sculpture. He combines most successfully in his statues a modern austerity and simplification of form with the traditional decorative motifs. He works in the scale of the Middle Ages with the same distorted proportions producing a robustness and compactness of form which give an impression of sturdy character and serene imagination. The detail is broad and extraordinarily inventive. The statuette of St. Patrick is an illustration of this quality. It is one of a series of five saints commissioned by the Catholic Stage Guild for presentation as awards to actors, playwrights, etc., of outstanding merit.

Oisín Kelly's latest work has somewhat lost its medieval influence and has become, in some cases, more abstracted, in other cases, more naturalistic. He has done a very fine St. Joseph and Child for St. Mary's College, Emo. The figures are carved out of a single piece of timber; St. Joseph stands behind the Infant Jesus bending over Him slightly and holding His two hands in his, in the gesture of a father teaching his child to walk. It is a most touching work, carried out with great

sensitivity, strength and economy. His latest work is also for the Jesuit Fathers, a life-size statue of St. Ignatius. This magnificent piece of sculpture is in the Retreat House, Rathfarnham. It portrays tellingly the fantastic will-power and personality of the saint, in particular the disciplined humility of the proud Spaniard, and the entire surrender of that will-power and pride. The simple, humble garb with which the sculptor has robed St. Ignatius cannot hide the energy, intelligence and great power of the saint, nor the exaltation of the human being who has discovered his final vocation to the service of God. Entirely unpretentious, the statue almost matches, in its masterly conception and disciplined statement, the great virtues of the saint himself.

Oisin Kelly works in many media but his most important work has been in timber. One of his most popular statues is that of Our Lady of Fatima which adorns the bell-tower of the delightful modern church in Limerick. It is a work of great sweetness and charm, depicting Our Lady as a very young girl. Last year, he produced an unusual Madonna and Child, made up in different coloured woods with the naïve skill of a primitive carpenter. He has done a St. Michael and Demon in the same direct and startling vein. The intention of the sculptor was that they should be placed in a children's school or chapel.

In the traditional and generally ghastly medium of bog-oak (a black wood usually to be associated with little pigs bedecked with shamrocks, crocks of gold, and other harmless horrors of the souvenir shops) Oisin Kelly has carved superb, austere Crucifixes, decorating them with the traditional symbols of the crowing cock, the spear and the sponge, and the hammer and nails, which are found on the seventeenth-century Penal crosses. These are named from the religious persecutions carried out under the Penal Laws when the persecuted Catholics made their own crucifixes from narrow pieces of wood, which could be carried unnoticed in a sleeve.

It will be remarked that a lot of Oisin Kelly's work is directly inspired from the past, although he has been attacked as "modern" by conservative opinions. His work, however, is in no sense a copying of the past but a true refinding and re-expression of a spirit and mentality similar to his own.

He has done a certain amount of work in beaten copper which seems very suited to his style. He is at present studying the possibility of a set of Stations of the Cross in this medium for a church in the west of Ireland.

Of the other sculptors working in religious art, the young sculptor, Patrick McElroy, is the most promising. He has exhibited a Crucifix in welded steel and brass, and Stations of the Cross in beaten lead, which have a sensitive, pathetic appeal. The Countess of Antrim does

quite a lot of work: pleasant statues which have charm but no great profundity. Seumus Murphy, of Cork, does perhaps more work than any other sculptor, but it is heavy, uninspired, rather crude. John Haugh is a sculptor who was trained by the Benedictine monks at Glenstal, in Co. Limerick, but although he has obvious goodwill, and skill in carving, his work is laboured and superficial.

Hilary Heron is perhaps the most well-known modern sculptor in Ireland. When contemporary Irish art was represented for the first time at the Venice Biennale last year, Hilary Heron and Louis Le Brocquy were the two artists whose work was chosen for exhibition. She produces very assured, sophisticated compositions in welded steel, wood, ceramic and other materials, but she has no feeling for religious art.

In the past year, a German sculptor, Werner Schurmann, has come to Ireland. As far as I know, he has not done any religious work yet but is certain to receive a commission soon as he is an excellent, serious sculptor of the highest talent. He has also brought to Ireland the lost wax method of casting bronze, and is at present teaching metalwork at the National College of Art.

To summarise, good religious sculpture in Ireland is almost non-existent, but this situation could be resolved by a strong campaign against commercialism in church art.

DOROTHY COLE

Stained Glass

IN 1953 when we had the AICA Congress in Dublin I brought a group of French art critics to see Michael Healy's *Annunciation* and *Visitation* windows at Blackrock College Chapel. I like these particular Healy windows very much, they are first of all religious, a meditation on St. Luke; they have, besides impressive qualities, as colour and decoration. I thought of them, then, as a fair introduction to Irish stained glass. But I was quite unprepared for the warmth and enthusiasm with which the party questioned me about Healy and his "school" and I was delighted by their sympathetic reaction to these windows as religious art. One of the party associated with the editorship of a magazine devoted to the decorative arts, went so far as to say that he knew of no living contemporary stained glass artist in France with Healy's profound religious feeling. What about the Irish tradition in stained glass? I had to tell, very simply, the story of Stained Glass in Ireland from the early years of the century. I could not well go back to the broken fragments of glass from the windows of Kilkenny Cathedral, shattered by the Puritan zeal of the Cromwellians. And it

was not an easy story to tell to strangers. How explain, for example that the inspiration, or the father of the "school" was an erratic western landlord, deeply Catholic—the unpredictable Edward Martyn, or that the organising genius behind its beginnings, Sarah Purser, was not herself a stained-glass artist but a portrait painter of growing reputation, and a Protestant. How evoke a clear notion of the *Túr Gloine*, the Tower of Glass, when Ethel Rhind and Wilhelmina Geddes, Hubert McGoldrick and Catherine O'Brien worked together there, with, somewhere quietly behind, the shy, spectacled figure of Michael Healy who was the first and remained the senior designer of the group. And then, they never did constitute a "school"—there was no second Healy, and the others associated with Miss Purser and the *Túr Gloine* in its co-operative days worked as individuals, sharing facilities and dividing expenses. Little things in Michael Healy's own story; his early, unrealised desire to become a Dominican laybrother and his long, hidden life of devotion to the art of stained glass; Florence, Arezzo, his own Dublin, but never England. Yes. They understood very well that the background to Healy's art was European. We touched lightly on Healy's younger contemporary, Harry Clarke. Clarke was born into an existing family stained-glass business which still flourishes. They had seen examples of his style at Terenure Church and in the Sanctuary of the Sacred Heart Covent Chapel at Leeson Street and had realised that such a personal, almost calligraphic style was scarcely capable of development in other hands. And so we came to the work of living artists, and inevitably to Evie Hone, who had still, though we could not have guessed it then, just two years in which to complete her life-work. She was at the time holding an exhibition of glass, paintings, sketches and cartoons at the Dawson Gallery. The three early windows dealing with the *Life of Our Lady* in the Oratory of Blackrock Castle, taken together with the more abstract five-light window in the Chapel of the University Hostel in Hatch Street, prepared the ground for a visit to the exhibition. One of the most important full-length coloured cartoons on show there was the centre-light for the *Assumption* window at Farm Street Jesuit Church in London. Between this and the Blackrock Oratory windows lies the whole mature achievement of Evie Hone—practically everything of major importance in Irish stained glass since Michael Healy left the *Seven Dolours* windows at Clongowes Wood College unfinished, at the time of his death in the September of 1941. As I sat on the altar-steps of the Blackrock Oratory looking, listening and trying to answer questions, I found myself, to my own great surprise, presenting Evie Hone as, in a way, the successor of Michael Healy.

Evie Hone had come to Healy at the *Túr Gloine* from a world which at a first glance seemed remote enough from his. She was a daughter

of what we used to call the "Ascendancy." He was a simple, an unpretentious Dubliner, a child of decent tradespeople, part of the middle-class life of Dublin. But they had more in common than such externals suggest. Both were deeply reserved. Both had tried the vocation to the religious life: Evie Hone with an Anglican Benedictine Congregation, Michael Healy as an Irish Dominican laybrother. Both had eventually found a truer and perhaps a more demanding vocation in religious art. Their work can be seen together in Loughrea Cathedral and in Clongowes Wood College. As artists they seem to have only one point in common; the work of both, deeply rooted in faith, can truly claim to be called religious art. Michael Healy's windows are wonderfully ordered, rich, jewelled patterns. Towards the end he became more and more absorbed in technical procedures, acidifying and plating glass, until finally he allies an unbelievable fineness and richness of detail to compositions of great breadth and serenity. The *Prophecy of Holy Simeon* at Clongowes, one of his last works, is quite typical. Beside Healy's patiently disciplined craftsmanship with its air of technical maturity, Evie Hone's windows at first seem naïve with the simplicity of childhood, yet urgent with feeling. Her simplified and awkward-seeming drawing, her type-heads and her frank refusal to make more of her drawing than a lead-like outline for her colour areas seems at a glance remote from Healy's clear, singing line and his technical finesse.

In his life-time few people knew much about Michael Healy, fewer still knew the quiet man who disappeared into his little workroom at the *Túr Gloine* when visitors arrived. He sought no personal publicity and was satisfied to work for forty years in relative anonymity. His style itself has something of the universal, impersonal quality of the Latin hymns of the liturgy. In less than two decades Evie Hone's reputation and a more or less clear notion of her very personal style has penetrated far beyond her native Ireland. The story of her artistic evolution has been told in other places. It is important enough to deserve a brief retelling here.

When painters in Paris were taking the hints in Cézanne's famous letter to Émile Bernard and, following the experiments of Picasso and Braque between 1910 and 1920-25 were laying the foundations of a systematic French *cubisme*, two young Irishwomen, Mainie Jellett and Evie Hone were in Paris working with a leader in the new movement, M. André L'Hôte. Later, they came in contact with the work of a more advanced cubist, Albert Gleizes, and one day they presented themselves at his studio and asked to be accepted as pupils. Gleizes was most unwilling to undertake the direction of students. He protested that he was himself trying to learn what he felt to be the fundamentals of composition. In the end he was persuaded to take them on and they

joined him in experiments in the *science* of picture-making which were perhaps as important for him as for them. Work with M. Gleizes involved the analysis of old masters and primitives in an endeavour, not to imitate their methods, but to get at and understand their spirit, and it meant, too, the relegation to a subordinate role of visual experience in the creation of a work of art based on the decorative-pictorial idea. This living contact with French cubism came to be, I think, the most significant part of Evie Hone's training in the technique of painting. Cubism claimed to be "intellectual idealisation," a sort of artistic neo-platonism. And it reacted violently against the sheer uncritical "receptivity" which resulted from impressionist theory. It was in a sense a recall, if not a call, to that vital principle of all art, order. This, at a time when art was becoming more and more subjective and chaotic. Now that the cubist movement is history, it is easy to see it as a useful discipline and to say that it was no bad training-ground for a future worker in stained glass. In the end, Evie Hone shook herself free of what was irksome and sectarian in cubism and began to work out her personal artistic salvation.

As an experiment she made some designs of a semi-abstract nature and realised them in four stained-glass panels. A distinguished Dutch stained-glass artist who saw them was impressed. He advised Evie Hone to take up glass seriously. She got her first experience of practical glass-painting in the London Studio of Wilhelmina Geddes, a remarkable artist from Belfast who was associated with the *Túr Gloine* in its early days. It was at this point that she returned to Dublin to work with Michael Healy at the *Túr Gloine* itself.

Since those first, tentative panels one can easily trace a development in the work of Evie Hone. There is change and growth but there is also stability. From the beginning she respected the nature of her materials, coloured glass and lead. She was careful not to torture them or to become involved in technical processes and problems for their own sake. This may have been because she was more the artist than the craftswoman, or, as I think likely, it may have been because her initial impulse never demanded more than simple, summary statements. The unity between her first, rough colour sketches and her finished windows is, I have always thought, remarkable. Her sketches have a rapid, thunderbolt quality and though she altered compositions and arrangements from time to time for one reason or another, her sketches have always contained the essential basic metaphysical quality which she finally realised fully and without further elaboration in the splendour of her coloured glass. It was remarkable too that Evie Hone was careful to colour her full-sized cartoons and although areas of flat pigment lacked the luminous glory of the final glass, these cartoons allow one to grasp and study the design of the window, the bold

functionalism of the leading and the organisation of the pictorial or abstract elements of the composition. It is not possible to convey in words the particular character of Evie Hone's glass, its immediate impact on heart and imagination. One can only say things about it: that her art as *verrier* was rooted in a real and consciously realised religious faith: that her style, despite rash analogies with Rouault or with Chartres was the product of a strong character and an original and independent mind. Behind and beyond a remarkable personality and a living faith lay a story of great human interest, a story that cannot be told here. No one who has fallen under the spell of Evie Hone's work can have failed to realise that it represents the triumph of a spirit of unusual force over serious physical handicaps. To a weaker spirit they might have seemed insurmountable. It is notable, too that her seventeen years as a Catholic were the years of her great productivity.

Here in Ireland, Evie Hone's work in stained glass is known from examples in churches and convents in a dozen counties from Dublin and Kildare to Galway and Donegal. It is obviously too soon to attempt to assess the work of an artist who died only in March of 1955. Yet it is not too bold to suggest even now that her work of the mid-forties, and especially the series of five rectangular windows made for the Oratory of St. Stanislaus College near Tullamore was never surpassed. Her later work at Farm Street, at Bournemouth and at Eton College will be more readily accessible to the English viewer. The East window of the Chapel at Eton College was on a scale large enough to merit comparison with Michael Healy's impressive transept windows at Loughrea Cathedral. In its eighteen lights divided by mullions and surmounted by elaborate tracery, the artist shows a remarkable power of space organisation. The *Crucifixion* of the upper registers and the *Last Supper* of the central five lights on the lower register are memorable but even the little symbols of the passion and other elements in the tracery will reward careful examination. This window marks an important stage of technical achievement in Evie Hone's work, but the extraordinary invention and imagination, in design and in colour, of the Tullamore windows, have not, I think, been surpassed. With Loughrea Cathedral and the lovely Healy window to St. Augustine in the Augustinian Church, Thomas Street, Dublin, this little Oratory of St. Stanislaus College closes a chapter in the story of Irish stained glass.

This was the sort of picture I had to paint, in halting words, for a group that knew nothing more about Ireland than that we had rich archaeological remains and that we had had a revolution some forty years ago! In the end, I left them with three names in Irish stained glass—Healy, Clarke and Hone—and a name each in Irish painting and sculpture—Jack B. Yeats and Jerome Connor. It was an amusing

paradox that Connor should be better known in America than in the Irish-speaking Kerry from which he had emigrated as a youth and that Yeats, though of what we have called "Ascendancy" stock was and still is very near the heart of Ireland through the power and poetry of his art as a painter. Only Evie Hone, following in the footsteps of the Dublin-man Healy, had made a place for herself in religious art.

Stained Glass is the only visual art in which Ireland may be said to have a sizeable export trade. It is true that Irish priests and missionaries abroad remember loved windows at home and loyally patronise Irish workshops when they can. But it is also true that in the fifty odd years since Edward Martyn and Sarah Purser came together to found the Tower of Glass, Irish glass has improved out of recognition, so that the simplest country boy can tell the difference between good Irish glass and imported trash. If ever the policy of self-support—the old word so strange to English ears, *Sinn Féin*—succeeded, it succeeded with this craft. Without the background of better craftsmanship into which she came, Evie Hone might not, would not have succeeded in becoming, as I have said elsewhere, the most gifted and imaginatively endowed stained-glass artist of this half-century in the English-speaking world. Evie Hone belongs to the story of art in Ireland because she was in some measure both Irish and European.

MÁIRÍN ALLEN

Painting

DURING the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in Ireland, when the plastic arts again began to flourish they were nourished by the same sources which inspired portrait and landscape painting in England. Above all they were called into existence by the English gentlemen who found themselves elevated to country estates or town houses in Ireland. If there were no great differences of style between Irish and English painters there was a grievous distinction in their intentions. Arrogance, aggressiveness and other evidences of temperamental frustration turned the Irish figure painters from contemplative subjects to satire.

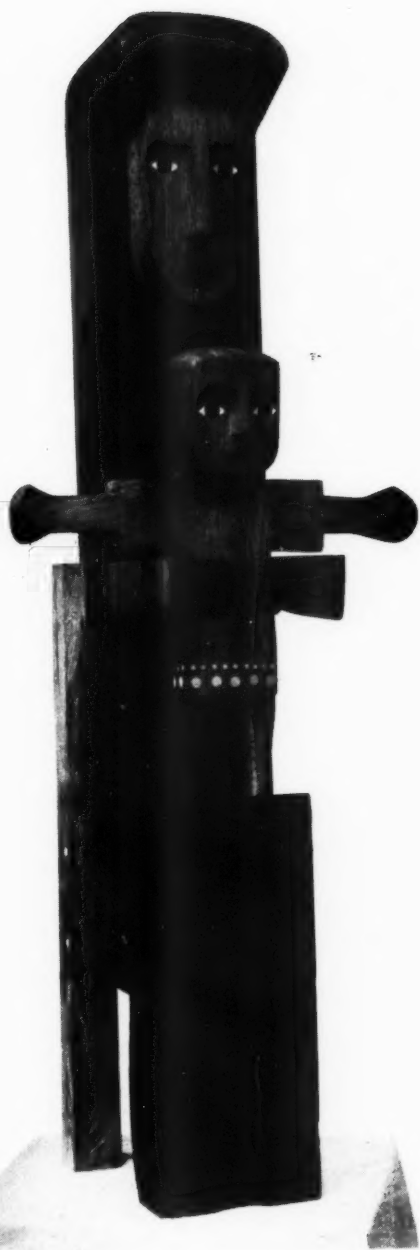
Those two considerable foundation members of the Royal Academy, James Barry and Nathaniel Hone, destroyed promising careers by their inability to conform to London standards of behaviour. Recognising the necessity for fellowship with the advanced London School, but unable to avoid looking back over their shoulders at the distressed country they had left, they could find no peace of mind in which to give form to their visions. Perhaps it was this incapacity to belong to the spirit of the eighteenth century which made Barry fill the Great



PORTRAIT, BY NANO REID



ST. IGNATIUS, BY OISIN KELLY



MADONNA AND CHILD

STATUETTE OF ST. PATRICK

BY OISIN KELLY





ST. BRENDAN: KILMILKIN, CO. GALWAY

BY EVIE HONE

Room of the Society of Arts at the Adelphi with classic paintings that speak of another era. Was this too why Hone preferred to paint a bitter caricature of Reynolds and Angelica Kauffmann than to pursue his proper course as a brilliant portrait painter?

These differences of temperament and circumstances being noted, however, there was little deviation between painting in Ireland and England until the advent of the second Nathaniel Hone. He went to live in Barbizon, outside Paris, in the 1850's, and his work became particularly influenced by Daubigny and Corot. After a long sojourn in France he settled in North County Dublin where for the rest of a long and happy life he painted a series of landscapes, mostly of pastureland under lowering grey skies, or of sandy foreshores in the cold east wind. His deliberate avoidance of dramatic or bright weather effects, of lively subject-matter, or indeed of anything except a lonely prospect which challenged the artist to achieve miracles with limited means, directed the young artist of the twentieth century along the paths quite at variance with the academic style of the new star, William Orpen.

The spirit of sad tenderness in Hone's landscapes found equivalent expression in the portraits of John Butler Yeats, an artist who is only now becoming properly appreciated in Ireland. In direct contrast to the nineteenth-century elegance and polished surface which had prevailed since Lawrence, his surfaces were powdery and grey-tinted, his love for soft textures being as marked as his sympathy for the man of vision. The portraits of his famous sons, W. B. and Jack B., of O'Leary, George Moore and A. E. and the other figures of the literary and political world prior to the 'twenties, ushered in the new Irish painting in which his son Jack B. Yeats has been the dominant figure for forty years.

Jack B. Yeats is the first Irish artist to achieve international status in his own lifetime. This is largely because he is also the first Irish artist who invented an entirely personal style for himself. Like Ensor or Kokoshka, he creates a world for his characters; unlike Degas or Picasso he does not make characters whose personalities dominate us. At times we must peer into a dark field, gleaming with brilliant shafts of light, before we find the wild man on horseback careering through the shadows. This artist has done more than any other Irishman to make our people aware of themselves once more as inheritors of a great tradition in the plastic arts even if seven hundred years have elapsed since it was a living force.

Right from the time when Mainie Jellett and Evie Hone went to Albert Gleizes in Paris and insisted on becoming his first pupils, there have been a succession of artists who have refused to look at the academic influence. This, of course, is bound up with a natural reversion against materialism and conservatism, implied in the action of those

who placed prosperity before the adventure of pursuing an unpopular ideal. As elsewhere this unpopular ideal of modernism has become in the end a form of academicism. However, one must observe that this group of artists who have flourished during the past twenty years have achieved a measure of lyrical expression and a clear statement of romantic themes.

Although John Keating and his brethren in the Royal Hibernian Academy have dressed their subjects in Aran fishermen's costumes they are no more generically Irish than Burne-Jones's women are fifteenth-century Italian; but in Gerard Dillon's gay Connemara scenes there is a hint of the emigrant's lament over his forsaken Fatherland together with a suggestion of *John Bull's Other Island*, like an Irish holiday which is neither all sunshine nor all laughter but which lacks neither. There are many other young painters who elaborate this decorative costume theme as Augustus John has done with gypsies. Only Louis Le Brocquy has found a really personal idiom for the subject which enables us to identify his style with the poignancy of tinkers, that last remnant of civilisation not to figure on the State pay list.

As in most countries of the modern world, there are a group of artists here who create patterns and rhythms from the most restricted subject-data. Relying almost entirely on a sophistication of taste and familiarity with recent innovations together with a genuine decorative instinct, they produce only abstract works. In Thurloe Connolly and Patrick Scott, for instance, we have two artists whose pictures could easily stir the most austere of Parisian or Italian critics but leave unmoved their fellow-countrymen in Kerry or Donegal.

On the other hand those who paint Nativities or Crucifixions, or for that matter, ceremonies or portraits, do so in the idiom of a previous decade. As one can see at all international exhibitions, only Communists and Academicians believe any longer in the virtue of the photographic image. Like the musician, the inventive painter of the Western world, be he working in Dublin or Glasgow or Amsterdam, makes his communication in terms which will only allow us to recognise his taste and talent and react to the general force of his forms and colours. We cannot isolate his meaning as we could do in the case of Yeats or Leech or Keating. We are, it seems, too near to the new young painter to distinguish his merits. It is clear, however, that the young artist of the new Ireland, like his impressionist forebears, is mainly concerned to communicate his inner feelings confronted as he is with a puzzling world—for the moment he does not want to sum up or to conclude.

In so short an essay it is not possible to include all the principal artists now working in Ireland, but the following classification,

however faulty, will serve to indicate the names of the more prominent.

Academic Tradition of Orpen

John Keating, William Conor, Kathleen Fox, Margaret Clarke, Lady Glenavy, Charles Lambe, Sean O'Sullivan, Harry Kernoff, Maurice McGonigle, Muriel Brandt, Cecil Galbally, Patrick Hennessy.

Tradition of Hone and John B. Yeats

Jack B. Yeats, Paul Henry, W. J. Leech, Caroline Scally, Frances Kelly, Colin Middleton, Daniel O'Neill, Robertson Craig, Patrick Collins, Patrick Swift, Barbara Warren, Fergus O'Ryan.

Tradition of Evie Hone and Mainie Jellett

Nora McGuinness, Nano Reid, Doreen Vanston, Neville Johnson, Fr. Jack Hanlon, Anne Yeats, Gerard Dillon, Louis Le Brocquy, Patrick Scott, Thurloe Connolly, George Wallace, George Campbell.

JAMES WHITE

Church Architecture

THE CHURCH, which in every age has been the main source of encouragement to the development of architecture in its highest form, was faced in 1829, after Catholic emancipation, with a country of almost eight million poor famished peasants, no churches, no schools, no convents or monasteries, and none of the social institutions built up over centuries in other countries. To overcome these difficulties, large numbers of churches and other buildings had to be erected. The early ones were plain and simple and derived dignity from this, but being often badly constructed, the damp, which ruins everything in Ireland, even the strength of the whisky, ruined the plaster, the decoration and the structural timbers, so that no finality could be reached with the construction of a simple church, and rebuilding became inevitable.

Unfortunately this rebuilding phase coincided with probably the lowest standard of architectural design in history, when in an age of wonderful new building methods and materials, all of which could have been used to the greater glory of God, the architects and their dilettante clients wasted their time squabbling over architectural styles and built archaeological museum pieces. The full flood of tradition, direct from the great medieval cathedrals, where stupendous designs were carried out in marvellous construction, was lost by the architects

to the engineers who built the vast railway stations and bridges. Church architecture, to this day, has got lost in a welter of sentimentalism over styles and personal tastes. Serious thought and conviction are lacking. Speed, business efficiency and the completion of a new church at the earliest possible date, complete with statues, altars and all the liturgical requirements, has been far too easy, when the repository art, of which Eric Gill spoke, is ready to supply everything at a moment's notice. The result is that there is little to show in the way of church architecture or monastic buildings in Ireland today. However, it is encouraging to note the development of fresh thought among some of the clergy with regard to contemporary art, after the impact of the work carried out in France, Austria and Italy and the directions of the Holy Father that, on church design and art, serious thought must be given to this problem and personal taste must re-adapt itself to reality. In Dublin, at least, the interior of the new church of St. Gabriel in Clontarf shows what Ireland might have done in developing church architecture, but apart from this church and two churches at Ennistymon and Lahinch, there are few other churches in the country worth seeing. In Cork, the thirty-year old church of Christ the King has still the most significant church interior in the city. There are a few small details, such as a mortuary chapel at Naas, which are worthy of note, and there may be some recent churches built, of which the author is unaware, but certainly not in the vicinity of Dublin or Cork. The general picture is one of good, solid, weather-proof and dull buildings.

It is interesting to analyse how this position arose and to suggest a possible remedy. As far as building is concerned, there is no architectural criticism at all. Where references are made to buildings in newspapers and magazines, they are invariably mutual self congratulations from the builders and suppliers of materials, and the architect is seldom mentioned. Naturally, any new building, clean and fresh, is hailed with pleasure as a new capital asset to the country, but it is only by critical artistic appreciation that the same building will grow in importance as the years go by, not merely as an economic success but as an artistic one. It can never be emphasised enough, that after about twenty years nothing connected with the original design, cost or construction of any building is ever appreciated in ordinary everyday affairs. Its place in the national heritage depends on its architectural design. Many years ago, in 1906, Robert Elliott published a book on "Art in Ireland," and such pungent criticism as he wrote when describing windows in the church at Rathfarnham as "something which nothing in Great Britain or Ireland can equal as downright trash. They must really be the worst windows in the world," must have led at the time to fiery arguments and examination of

conscience, all of which is essential if smugness and complacency are not to choke any chance of creative design. The architects must accept a large measure of blame for the architecture in Ireland, but not all of them. It is significant that the best work has been carried out by University graduates who have enjoyed many years of outspoken criticism of their designs by their fellow-students and who are humble enough to be less complacent about their designs. In addition to the University training of architects, over a period of five years, there is another good school of architecture in Dublin and a progressively smaller number of students training each year through apprenticeship in offices.

There has, however, arisen a tendency to look on architecture too much as a business, and to imagine that continuity of artistic ability can exist as in other professions. History does not support this idea, and while it is possible that a family tradition in architecture may exist, a logical approach is that, as artists are born and not made, more chances should be given to brilliant young students and architects to carry out the achievements for which they are burning with enthusiasm. There is a large proportion of able and enthusiastic architectural opinion in Ireland frustrated and discouraged to see that their enthusiasm and interest is not wanted and that business or family connections are the most important factor in obtaining commissions.

The future of architecture in Ireland appears to depend on whether this latent architectural ability is used or whether conservatism is content to lag behind the rest of the world in refusing to use the new solutions for old problems and thereby defy tradition.

The building trade is depressed at the moment, largely because the social requirements of the country required to bring basic living conditions up to Western standards have been virtually met. This has been done largely on credit, and the position now appears to be whether financial difficulties can be solved and other public buildings, such as concert halls and structures for recreational facilities, can be built. In view of the present lack of building it would appear sensible to undertake the construction of some at least of these buildings rather than to pay a dole to skilled craftsmen and obtain nothing in return. Architects are also feeling the vacuum and, as these public buildings must be designed before they can be built, the obvious policy would appear to be the commissioning now of the design of many of these buildings, partly by public competition, so that brilliant ideas are not overlooked, and partly by those outstanding architects who have already shown their ability.

CHARLES ALIAGA KELLY

Theatre

EVERY ASSESSMENT of the Irish theatre is haunted by the ghost of Yeats. He wanted to make it "a place of intellectual excitement—a place where the mind goes to be liberated." He asked Irish dramatists to bring upon the stage "the deeper thoughts and emotions of Ireland." He strove to encourage in writers and audiences "a stronger feeling for beautiful and appropriate language than one finds in the ordinary theatre." He looked for actors who would help to restore words to their sovereignty, make speech even more important than gesture, and delight the ear with a continually varied music. "Greek acting," he wrote, "was great because it did everything with the voice, and modern acting may be great when it does everything with voice and movement. But an art which smothers these things with bad painting, with innumerable garish colours, with continual restless mimicries of the surface of life, is an art of fading humanity, a decaying art."

Eventually, of course, Yeats was compelled to see that the time was out of joint, that the wind blowing across the sea from Norway was producing a generation of village Ibsens, that his poetic ideals were being thrust aside as pretentious nonsense, and that the Irish theatre was settling down into a long dusty period of naturalistic drama from which no clarion call of his had power to raise it. Today the institution he founded is a place in which the average playgoer has come to believe that the art of the theatre has always consisted—and will continue to consist—of eavesdropping on somebody's kitchen or drawing-room with one wall down.

Within this concept the Irish theatre has produced a remarkable body of work and a notable gallery of playwrights. It has acted as an incentive to little theatre movements in England and America and the early poetic impetus of Yeats has been felt abroad if not at home. The theatre was at its peak point, perhaps, in the late 'twenties when the growth of O'Casey was giving him a stature with Synge, and the finest work of the movement was evident in the plays of Robinson, Murray, McNamara, Carroll, Sheils, Johnston and the rest.

Today the Irish theatre has entered on a phase of recurring dullness. The concern of its playwrights seems to be mainly with "continual restless mimicries of the surface of life." The deeper thoughts and emotions of Ireland appear in the form of peripheral comedies, turf-flavoured or soot-tinged, according to whether the author selects a rural or a Dublin setting. How much this may be due to rejecting the advice of Yeats, how much to the vitiated taste of audiences it is hard to say. A people gets the theatre it deserves.

It has often been a matter of comment that "the deeper thoughts and

emotions of Ireland" have not produced a Claudel, a Ghéon, even a Mauriac. One can only conclude that the deeper thoughts and emotions of Ireland do not go that deep; or, if they do, they lack the courage needed to bring them into the open. It is not without significance that Ireland's most outspoken playwrights are non-Catholics. There are times when one cannot escape the feeling that Ireland has deeper thoughts and emotions which she dare not express. This may well account for the refuge taken in witless comedy.

A survey of the last twelve months' activity yields the following data. The one worthwhile presentation at the National (Abbey) Theatre was an excellent revival of O'Casey's *The Plough and the Stars*. It was preceded by a clever revue in Gaelic, *Cruiscín Lán* (presented by the same players) which was virtually boycotted, despite our much-vaunted enthusiasm for the native language. The Edwards-MacLiammóir company slid gracefully into bankruptcy at the end of a season in which they excelled themselves in presentations of Anouilh's *The Lark* and Yeats's *King Oedipus*. The most profitable productions of the year were Noel Coward's *Nude with Violin* and Frankie Howerd in *Charley's Aunt*. These facts speak for themselves.

Ireland's actors and actresses continue to exploit their seemingly inexhaustive natural talent and that without bothering themselves unduly about the "Method" of Stanislavski or the involved curriculum of Jean-Louis Barrault. It is true, of course, that today's players lack the voice-training imparted to the first company of Abbey players by the incomparable Frank Fay; with the result that they cannot sing Synge as that splendid first company was wont to do. But this apart, when one of their number steps out, the larger theatrical world sits up and takes notice. And so Kenneth Tynan raves about Siobhan McKenna's *St. Joan* (which was nothing more or less than we had expected from her). And when Eithne Dunne goes to Paris in Shaw's *Candida*, M. Jean-Jacques Gautier of *Le Figaro*, said to be one of the most exacting critics in Europe, finds in her acting a combination of the qualities of Mme Edwige Feuillère and Mlle. Suzanne Flon. (Ah, but he should have seen her in Giraudoux's *The Madwoman of Chaillot*!) It is not without significance that Miss McKenna and Miss Dunne no longer appear on the stage of the Abbey Theatre.

While the Earl of Longford and his cry of players relentlessly present the classics to half-filled houses in Dublin and (hardly with more success) in provincial halls and cinemas, Anew McMaster continues to make Shakespeare pay with country audiences and secondary schools and colleges. A virile amateur movement, interested mostly in Abbey Theatre plays, holds an All-Ireland drama festival for winners at the dozen or so regional festivals. The Abbey Theatre players are bi-lingual and plays in Gaelic are presented from time to

time, usually at the conclusion of the English programme, but most of the audience leave the theatre. With all due respect to our language enthusiasts, a Gaelic theatre in Ireland lacks a theatre's most important constituent—an audience.

And so we sit back in complacency and pride ourselves on the fact that a leading English drama critic feels impelled to tell the world that the history of the British theatre since the third decade of the seventeenth century has been a procession of glittering Irishmen—Farquhar, Congreve, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Shaw, Wilde, Synge and O'Casey. Or we applaud the declaration of Professor William Smith Clark that "Ireland, in proportion to her human resources, has enriched the art of the stage and the screen in the twentieth century more than any other segment of the English-speaking world."

And then we go off to the next first production at the Abbey Theatre and we find that it is hardly a place of intellectual excitement—a place where the mind goes to be liberated. And watching the naturalistic acting there—excellent of its kind—we think of the early Abbey players and Yeats's mid-'twenties lament:

But actors lacking music
Do most excite my spleen
They say it is more human
To shuffle, grunt and groan
Not knowing what unearthly stuff
Rounds a mighty scene.

Will the mediocrity which besets the Irish theatre pass? Will some Irish writer present us with a play of "simple motives, rapid movement and poetic rendering of today's passion in the raiment of forever"? Will an Irish audience be found to accept it? Will we return to the first principles of Yeats and use them as he intended them to be used? I believe we will. I believe that this mediocrity will pass when, through a revolution in our spiritual lives, we become a people in search of beauty. And the ghost of William Butler Yeats is a persistent ghost.

GABRIEL FALLON

The annual subscription to THE MONTH is 32s. 6d. Obtainable through any bookseller or direct from 114 Mount Street, London, W.1.

REVIEWS

INTEGER VITAE

De Valera and the March of a Nation, by Mary C. Bromage (Hutchinson 25s).

THIS is one of those rare books which makes the reader feel happier to be alive. Very quietly, with no fifes or drums and never a sign of a green flag waving, the American authoress who lives by a different faith limns the portrait of her man. She travelled thousands of miles again and again to meet him, to meet anyone still alive who had been close to him, to question the peasantry around the turf fires of their cottages about his legend. Her bibliography runs into 270 items, from parish magazines to blue books, from English, Irish and American newspapers to official parliamentary reports and unpublished scrap-books. She is scholarly to the tips of her fingers, even if she does use sanguinity to mean sanguineness. Her book is provided with twenty-six illustrations, some of them fascinatingly interesting, and there is that crown of good book-making, a splendid analytical index. And what a story she has to tell, of the child with the very foreign name bred in a poor Limerick farm-house who created a new nation and moved into the company of the world's greatest, unhelped by any other fortune than his dream and his integrity. Everybody knows that he was court-martialled and condemned to death after the Easter Rebellion, in which he was the last of the commandants to surrender. "You made a gallant stand," said the young English officer, Captain E. J. Hitzen, to whom he handed over his revolver and field-glasses. Twenty-two years later, the tall, bedraggled captive of that black hour sat at a table in 10 Downing Street negotiating on equal terms with Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Prime Minister of England. When their business was done, Mr. Chamberlain rose and took from a side table a pair of battered, old-style field-glasses which he presented to his guest, explaining that he had received them from a former British officer named E. J. Hitzen, at the time a biscuit manufacturer in Leamington. Before packing for the night train to Holyhead, President De Valera wrote the following little letter on hotel notepaper: "Dear Captain Hitzen, I have just received from Mr. Chamberlain the field-glasses which I surrendered to you twenty-two years ago. I am very pleased indeed to have them back and I want to express to you my appreciation of your kind thought in sending them to your Prime Minister for presentation to me on this occasion. I am glad to note that you have come safely through the Great War and I wish you many years of health and happiness. Sincerely yours, Eamon De Valera." That little-known story ought to give anybody an appetite for Hitzen's biscuits. It has been always, and still is,

part of Dev's dream that the relations between England and Ireland should resemble those between his chivalrous captor and himself.

Altogether, Mr. De Valera experienced the amenities of six prisons in England, including Dartmoor where he was "Convict 95" and compelled to pick oakum like any common criminal. He refused to accept the Treaty setting up the Irish Free State because it was signed by his delegates in London without his knowledge of its terms (which included partition), and under threat of immediate all-out war. Lloyd George who issued the threat could never understand such an uncomplicated person as the "half-breed Spaniard" who had come in his path. Later on, he was to say of Dev: "I have never found anybody like him; he is perfectly unique. I think the poor, distracted world has a good right to be profoundly thankful that he is unique." The Welsh Wizard who had few principles and less scruples spoke more truly than he knew. This De Valera, derided by Senator Gogarty as "a sixpenny Savonarola in a world of Woolworths," denounced as a murderer by the brother of Kevin O'Higgins in a session of the Dail, cursed and reviled in both Ireland and England, was unique and is still unique, unique in courage, in simplicity, in selflessness, in faith, hope and charity. From first to last, he has remained what his friend Harry Boland, a victim of the fratricidal strife, once called him: "the same gentle, honest, straightforward, unpurchasable man," whether as the uncrowned king of Ireland, with the hearts of its people in the hollow of his hand, or as Convict 95, or hiding in the hills and bogs from the bullets of his own countrymen whom he so passionately longed to save and to serve. He was seized when addressing his constituents in County Clare, who returned him by an overwhelming majority at the subsequent polls, and condemned to eleven months of solitary confinement in Dublin. Characteristically, he asked if he might have the works of Albert Einstein to while away the hours. With these and the *Confessions of St. Augustine*, he could be perfectly happy behind bars, were it not for the thought of his wife and children. Free again, he returned to Ennis to resume his uncompleted speech. "People of Ireland," he began, "as I was saying to you when we were interrupted . . ." Had Dev been reading the life of Fray Luis de Leon or did their two very similar minds chime at that moment?

Mrs. Bromage writes without fanfares, and it is difficult to see how anyone reading her book can fail to recognise the moral greatness of the Sixpenny Savonarola who nothing common did or mean in the whole course of his agitated existence. He had his faults and he made his mistakes, but the world seems a sweeter place because he is happily still in it.

JAMES BRODRICK

LITERARY RECORDS

Centenary History of the Literary and Historical Society, edited by James Meenan (The Kerryman, Tralee 21s).

THE HISTORICAL, LITERARY AND AESTHETICAL SOCIETY was founded by Newman in 1855, and this volume has been published to celebrate the first hundred years of its history. Newman's idea was that such a society "would be a school for the future senator or lawyer, it would enlarge and refine the mind, it would be a most agreeable relaxation after the toils of the day." And in the early years it was apparently conducted in a spirit and manner sedately in accordance with his design. In a famous passage Newman declared his vision of the new university as a great Catholic school to which students would come from at home and abroad "flocking from east and west and south, all owning one Faith, all seeking one large true wisdom, and then, after their stay is over, going back again to carry peace to men of good will over all the earth." And there was at first a heartening response to his appeal. The list of active members of the Society for 1857 includes two French princes and three noblemen of lower degree; and the programme of the Session records papers on "The Identity of Origin and the Varieties of the Human Race," "The Formation of Alphabets as Illustrated by Egyptian Hieroglyphics" and "The Life and Writings of Silvio Pellico." In 1863 the Inaugural Address was on "The Life and Writings of Chateaubriand," who was praised by the author for attachment to his religion and loyalty to his legitimate sovereign.

However, the temper of the Society soon changed. My recollection of the L and H forty years ago is not merely of agreeable relaxation. An evening's debate was sometimes an adventure, and I am told that it may now be quite an ordeal.

The book is a collection of reminiscences by former members of the Society, with an introductory chapter on the early period and a brief epilogue by the editor. Tom Bodkin, Arthur Cox and George O'Brien are among the contributors, and many other honoured names appear on its pages. The reminiscences are very personal, and many things are remembered which are not worth recording. The writing of such recollections is a delicate and delightful art. My early memories are precious to me, and, for the most part, of no interest to others. Joyce and Proust had a talent for making casual and even trivial experiences glow with life, as Pieter De Hooch does in some of his pictures. But some chapters of this book are poorly written and fail to hold one's interest. For the later period, the account of the war years by Oliver MacDonagh is a happy exception. And yet the intimacy of the narrative gives the book its value. Dublin is a small society, and one can be well

known without being very distinguished. Distinction seems indeed to be a quality not as highly valued here as it is in England. We are actuated rather by the desire to please. There is a family feeling in Dublin, with its loyalties and its jealousies and its interest in gossip. These recollections of the L and H rarely rise above the level of gossip, and sometimes the gossip is unsalted. However, the whole story is a good one, and the writers show how much the country owes to the Society.

The last hundred years of Irish history have transformed life in Ireland to an extent even greater than in England. In politics, economics, education all is changed. And many of those who took part in bringing these changes about were members of the L and H in their time. The list of auditors is an exciting catalogue of familiar names, and the index of persons sends one back again and again to the story. Cardinal Cullen, John Dillon and his brothers William and Henry, Michael Cox and his son Arthur, Sheehy Skeffington, James Joyce, Arthur Clery, Tom Bodkin and George O'Brien, Kevin O'Higgins and Paddy Hogan, De Valera and his son Vivion, Costello and his son Declan, Daniel Binchy and James Dillon all pass in the procession. Thomas MacDonagh and Mahaffy, Yeats and Patrick Pearse and Tim Healy have their places too.

The undergraduates of the years before the First War have supplied ministers and judges and ambassadors of today. The reader wonders anxiously about tomorrow.

MYLES DILLON

THE IRISH NATION

The Story of Ireland, by Brian Inglis (Faber 16s).

THE AIM of this excellent book is "to tell the Story of Ireland with an eye always upon the present, to relate Irish History not so much for its own sake as to explain how it has brought about the political, economic, social and cultural conditions that exist today."

The author approaches his delicate task with distinction and ease. Although a "West Briton" he has experience of Irish life at all levels. He writes with sympathy, insight, shrewdness and detachment, and he has produced a book which forms a valuable and notable addition to the existing Irish standard history books. The introduction solves a number of the puzzles which are presented by the wayward strands of the existing situation. There follow three sections dealing with Nationalism, Land and the People, Culture and Religion. The book concludes with a penetrating assessment of the post-Treaty era and of future possibilities and dangers.

The study of Irish history, too often presented as part of the history of England, is of definite practical importance today. The Irish are

"the chronic exiles of this world; more of those people who like to think of themselves as Irish live out of Ireland than live in it." The influence of the Irish in many countries is no negligible factor in politics. No English statesman can afford to neglect the effect of the influence of the Irish in England or in America. To understand Ireland it is essential to have a knowledge of the past as it appears today to the present generation of Irishmen. Lord Shelburne, an Englishman, observed that "the history of Ireland is the history of England in regard to Ireland, and it will be found to have been always to the shame of England." Mr. Inglis shows how many of the most misguided decisions of the English Government were taken in the conviction or hope that Ireland would benefit by them. But such a hope or conviction was unfortunately only too frequently a mere clever rationalisation. Contemporary burning issues originate in past Irish helplessness, and those current problems which divided Irishmen so deeply can only be appreciated if traced to their historic origin. The deep insight and and historical sense of the author illuminates the present scene. The importance of the Gaelic League receives a new emphasis. Padraic Pearse observed rightly that "the Irish Revolution really began when the seven Proto-Gaelic Leaguers met." Douglas Hyde, the founder of the League and a product of the Protestant Ascendancy, is the real founder of the Renaissance of Irish Studies and Culture. He saved and consolidated the sense of Irish nationality, and lived to become the first President. The campaign for the use of Irish has universal support, largely because great care has been taken to avoid any practical inconveniences, but it is the indispensable element in the creation of an Irish nation. The problem of Partition must be viewed not only in the historical setting, but in the light of practical implications. The author argues that Partition has now become a vested interest on both sides of the Border, and that morally the retention of the Catholic minority in the North is "indefensible precisely for the same arguments that could be used to justify the retention of the Northern Protestants in a united Ireland."

This book is the fourth of a series designed to cover the major countries of the world. Its scope therefore must be inevitably narrowed to meet the global plan, but it can be thoroughly recommended as a most valuable introduction to those current problems of Church and State, Emigration and Agriculture which loom so large in Ireland today.

"The Irish Problem," Mr. Inglis tells us, "was not settled in 1921, nor in 1937, nor in 1949. It will not be settled in the foreseeable future, and the reason is: history." There will be few who will dissent from this view, which is so ably argued in this book.

WILFRID PASSMORE

THE MONTH
GAELIC LYRICS

Early Irish Lyrics, edited with translation, notes and glossary by Gerard Murphy (Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press 42s).

"I HAVE the two talks," said the editor's small son, when a friend of the family was discussing him in Irish with his father in his presence. Professor Murphy has done great service by his admirable production of these fifty-eight Old Irish Lyrics, written between the eighth and the twelfth centuries, and those who have not "the two talks" will be well rewarded by a perusal of Professor Murphy's literal translations of these poems which he has wisely divided into those of monastic and those of secular inspiration.

Readers who are familiar with Anglo-Irish anthologies of verse will find many old friends like "The Scholar and his Cat" and "The Lament of the Old Woman of Beare" among this selection: but, like so many liturgical Latin hymns, the originals have suffered considerably by being translated into English verse, and there is a vigour and richness about Professor Murphy's prose translations which is always refreshing, while it is useful to be able to compare these verse by verse with their originals which he prints on parallel pages.

There is a strong sense of drama in some of the monastic poems such as "I am Eve" and the anonymous poem of the eleventh century attributed to St. Colum Cille:

I am Eve, great Adam's wife; it is I that outraged Jesus of old:
it is I that stole Heaven from my children; by right it is I that should
have gone upon the Tree.

It is I that plucked the apple; it overcame the control of my
greed; for that, women will not cease from folly as long as they
live in the light of day.

There would be no ice in any place; there would be no glistening
windy winter; there would be no hell; there would be no sorrow;
there would be no fear, were it not for me.

This speaks the language of great poetry, as do the lines attributed to Colum Cille when he was about to leave Ireland in 563:

There is a blue eye which will look back at Ireland; never more
shall it see the men of Ireland nor her women,

and the lines ascribed to him when he lay dying in Iona in 597:

My hand is weary with writing; my sharp great point is not
thick; my slender-beaked pen jets forth a beetle-hued draught of
bright blue ink.

A steady stream of wisdom springs from my well-coloured

neat fair hand; on the page it puts its draught of ink of the green-skinned holly.

I send my little dripping pen unceasingly over an assemblage of books of great beauty, to enrich the possessions of men of art—whence my hand is weary of writing.

Eloquent too is the opening of the A.D. 800 "Lament of the Old Woman of Beare":

Ebb-tide has come to me as to the sea; old age makes me yellow; though I grieve thereat, it approaches its food joyfully.

I am Bui, the Old Woman of Beare; I used to wear a smock that was ever-renewed; today it has befallen me, by reason of my mean estate, that I could not have even a cast-off smock to wear. It is riches you love, and not people; as for us, when we lived, it was people we loved.

This volume contains a rich harvest of worldly and other-worldly poems, and Professor Murphy and the Oxford University Press are to be congratulated on its appearance.

WULSTAN PHILLIPSON

SHAMROCK AND THISTLE

Irish Journey, by Halliday Sutherland (Bles 15s).

NOT A GUIDE but a collection of a canny Catholic Scottish doctor's impressions, some of value to all concerned. Over fifty years ago he worked in the Combe lying-in hospital and sampled a Dublin which has passed for ever, including Tyrone Street. "Sean O'Casey has not exaggerated the poverty and drunkenness in Dublin slums at the beginning of the century." The heroic story is told how the Legion of Mary cleaned up the brothels in Tyrone Street. On this subject Sutherland records a fierce Boswellian interview with Bishop Browne of Galway. Each must have thought he was playing a tartar! We learn from the famous Bishop that he offered the Church of Ireland £70,000 for the return of the old Catholic Church in Galway in vain. He also challenged certain "propaganda" by Cardinal Bourne about Irish girls lost in England. For twenty-five years he had asked for the figures. Sutherland affixed them in the statistics of the Crusade of Rescue, giving numbers diocese by diocese.

Sutherland believes that ignorance is too often commended as innocence by people who "should inquire how many Children of Mary from Eire are now prostitutes in Piccadilly." This is a stark saying and should be met by reinforced work such as inspired the Legion of Mary to clear Tyrone Street.

Personal touches about Dev and Yeats and Dr. Starkie, who "being an Irishman is the most popular Englishman in Spain" (a good Irish bull).

Plenty of good racing stories. "Catholics say you should never take a sweetheart or a servant on a priest's recommendation. To that I would add a horse." There is a chapter about his book, *Laws of Life*, which was banned in Eire in spite of Cardinal Griffin's *permissu superiorum*.

There is a good account of a Trappist abbey. We learn whether they dig their own graves (like the nuns in the famous sentimental picture of *The Vale of Rest*) and the value of the wholemeal bread they make. It must be true that "coffins were not general till the sixteenth century," and Cistercians preserve the old Christian form of earth burial. Only a saint was worthy of a box or shrine.

There is a haunting story of "Mexican Rose" which has nothing to do with Ireland; information about "Cursing Stones" by which H.M.S. *Wasp* was sunk when pressing the Tory Islanders for rates; De Valera's personal escape-story, and a striking conclusion.

"To aid forgetfulness Britain should return to Eire the Lane Collection of paintings now in the Tate Gallery and the body of Sir Roger Casement. Eire has a moral right to the former and to the latter a legal right."

A strong, conscientious, amusing book.

SHANE LESLIE

SHORTER NOTICES

All Ireland, by Stephen Rynne (Batsford 21s).

THIS BOOK and its illustrations are worthy of their subject, but the breathless pace of the author's style leaves the reader mentally exhausted if he reads more than a few pages at a time. "The midlands—perhaps better called the Central Plains—were hardly more than glanced at as we merry-go-rounded the coast. How lovely the inland places can be and how typically Irish, filled as they are with peace, elbow-room and furze!" Compared with H. V. Morton's *In Search of Ireland* this is a very merry-go-roundish ride round Ireland, but the author writes attractively about the monastic city of St. Ciaran of Clonmacnoise, and his chapter on Clare to Galway Bay is to be commended, as is the opinion of the man from Ballyhaunis whom he met sitting under the Lazy Wall at Salthill: "No countryman should go into the town. You can get Mass, of course, as often as you want, but the country is nicer and discreeter." The reviewer would like to visit Lough Clougherbowbarleymede in Connemara.

The First Jesuit, by Mary Purcell (Gill 21s).

Jesuits, edited by Robert Nash, S.J. (Gill 12s 6d).

TWO BOOKS from Ireland make a valuable addition to the literature of the Ignatian centenary. The *Life* of St. Ignatius, like any other *Life* of a saint about whom much has been written, starts under the disadvantage of being thought to cover old ground. To justify itself it has to say something new, or to give the old story with a fresh treatment. This *Life* is justified on both counts. It uses all the new material which continual research has made available, and it tells the story vividly and with a catching affection for the saint. Too often, because of the influence of St. Ignatius in the formation of the modern world and in legislation for religious life, the impression is given that he was cold and remote, that his austerity after a wild youth had dried up the springs of humanity in him, and that he became more a system than a person. Miss Purcell restores the attractive picture of a wise and dedicated man who grew every day in love and loveliness and who was the inspiration of his sons by his calm and efficient generalship but much more by his unfailing and devoted love of God and of them.

The truth of that picture is confirmed and illustrated in the volume of short biographies of some of the sons of St. Ignatius. The idea of showing the continuance through the centuries of the spirit of St. Ignatius was well conceived and has been admirably carried out. Every one of the short biographies is attractively written: and the selection covers all the continents and all the centuries down to our own day. It would be unfair to make mention of even one in particular, when all are excellent. The book is recommended without reserve.

The Mountains of Ireland, by D. D. C. Pochin Mould (Batsford 21s).

DR. POCHIN MOULD artistically portrays for us in her book the Ireland of mountains and sea, the picturesque Ireland of contrasting scenery, colour and mood. Among the spate of post-war books on mountains and mountaineering, *The Mountains of Ireland* is unique. It is not concerned with arduous ascents of snow, ice and rock which not everybody can appreciate or share. Nor is it a record of mystical reflections encountered on high, but it is an intelligent and fascinating study of the geographical and geological structure of Ireland, a study pursued through personal adventure and contact. Each mountain is visited, its character sought after, its individuality expressed. Errigal in Donegal, Carrauntual in Co. Kerry, the sweeping grassy slopes of Mourne and the ruggedness of Connemara; they are all Irish, but Ireland has many facets.

The scenery is richly described and there are interesting notes on the alpine flora to be found on many of the Irish hills. The study is

broadened by many an historical illusion depicting Ireland's profound religious heritage from the time of her first hermits, and the many cruel persecutions she has since suffered.

This book is not only for mountain lovers, but for those too who are charmed by Ireland and her story.

The Celtic Saints, by Daphne D. C. Pochin Mould, B.Sc., Ph.D. (Clonmore and Reynolds 18s).

THE REVIEWER sits before a copy of Thurloe Connolly's admirable poster which depicts a map of Western Europe designed to show the extent of Irish cultural influence in Europe from the sixth to the twelfth centuries. Miss Daphne Pochin Mould has written a most learned and vivid account which fills in the background of the Celtic monks and missionaries who made these foundations in Scotland, England, France, Germany, Italy and Switzerland. Those who have not read *Rock of Truth*, Miss Mould's amazing story of her progress from materialistic agnosticism to reception into the Church at Fort Augustus Abbey in 1950, may not realise that the author of this book took a degree in geology at Edinburgh in 1946 and now lives in Ireland, where her archaeological studies have done much to dispel the darkness which surrounds the lives of the Celtic saints. Her chapters on "The Mass and Liturgy" and "The Son of the Virgin" are particularly memorable; but the whole book is a splendid introduction to the lives of penance and pilgrimage which were led in Ireland by saints like St. Ailbe in whose Rule we read, "Their Father is noble God, their mother is Holy Church: let it be not mouth-humility; let each have compassion on his brother." "Our Heritage" is the sub-title of the book: too long has it been neglected.

Dublin under the Georges, by Constantia Maxwell (Faber 25s).

"IT IS NOT the fashion at Carlton to play at cards," wrote Lady Carlton on a visit to the Duke of Leinster's seat in the autumn of 1778. "The ladies sit and work, and the gentlemen lollop about and go to sleep." There is a spaciousness about Dublin's fair city which is its legacy from the eighteenth century, which saw Swift, Goldsmith, Bourke, Grattan and Hood walking her streets. Dr. Maxwell has the gift of bringing to life the age and people who gave us Stephen's Green, Merrion Square and the Custom House, and it is heartening to think that in this age of cheap editions and superfluous reprints that there is sufficient demand for a new edition of a book of this calibre which does justice to the Irish metropolis, "where nobody's feet are pinched." There is an objectiveness about Dr. Maxwell's writing which is eloquent, even when writing of Anglo-Irish politics and religion, and her book should endure.

Mas

T

twel
scho
play
mat
and
go t
back
to s
wor
sho
litu
par
can
not
con
kne
his
Ch
so
by
me
in
He
in
be
Th
wo
litu

Master Alcuin, Liturgist, by Gerard Ellard, S.J. (Loyola University Press, Chicago \$4).

THE PRESENT-DAY Roman mass-book has descended from the compilation made by Alcuin at the behest of Charlemagne nearly twelve centuries ago, and in the course of the last fifty years liturgical scholars have been able to define with considerable accuracy the part played by Alcuin in this work of compilation and the sources of his materials. But all their work is scattered over many learned periodicals and syntheses are few, so that the unwary advocates of liturgical reform go talking about the mass-book of Gregory the Great and of "going back to Gregory's usage" as if nothing had happened in the recent past to shake our confidence in being able to say what exactly Gregory was wont to do at mass. Fr. Ellard, whose earlier work (ever since 1933) has shown the qualities of reverence and wonder that are proper to the liturgist, has now made a synthesis of modern work about Alcuin's part in determining what the Roman mass-book was to be which all can read, not only without tears but with joy and gratitude. He does not jettison the apparatus of learning to make his book popular, but contrives to write simply and without supposing too much previous knowledge on his reader's part. It was at York that Alcuin did much of his work of supplementing the incomplete manual that came to Charlemagne from Rome. The borrowing from Northumbrian—and so ultimately from Celtic—usage is perhaps not given the prominence by Fr. Ellard that it deserves, and it would have been wise to make mention of the rule laid down by Gregory for the guidance of Augustine in liturgical matters when he was starting his mission to the English. He was to gather together for use in England whatever he found good in the liturgies of Rome, Gaul and other lands; customs were not to be loved for their place of origin, but places for their good customs. This rule, repeated by Bede, can hardly have failed to influence the work of Alcuin, and one may claim that many features of the modern liturgy are borrowed from the Celtic use of Northumbria.



BECKER BROS
LTD

Tea Dealers

8 SOUTH GREAT GEORGE'S STREET
DUBLIN

THE SOUVENIR OF THE IGNATIAN YEAR

"I have not seen the two previously published pictorial biographies of *St. Pius X* and *St. Francis of Assisi*, but it is difficult to imagine that they can be better than *St. Ignatius of Loyola: A Pictorial Biography*, by Leonard von Matt and Hugo Rahner, S.J.

"The 226 illustrations are quite magnificent, as photography, as reproduction and in their choice of subject. They really do give a setting and background to the saint's life. . . . All the photographs except eight were taken by Mr. Leonard von Matt, who also illustrated the first two volumes in the series. . . .

"The brief biography by Father Hugo Rahner, round about a couple of pages to every eight or so illustrations, is excellent: an essay in compression that seems to have left nothing important out without ever becoming merely a catalogue, and full of touches that make a living picture. Father John Murray's translation does not fail to do justice to it."

DONALD ATTWATER

St. Ignatius of Loyola

LEONARD VON MATT AND HUGO RAHNER, S.J.

also

St. Pius X

LEONARD VON MATT AND NELLO VIAN, S.J.

St. Francis of Assisi

LEONARD VON MATT AND WALTER HAUSER, S.J.

each 30s. net.

* * * * *

L O N G M A N S

ONE of the great occupational risks of business life under the pressure of to-day is that the practical man of affairs neglects his outside reading, and all too easily falls into a narrow circle of immediate preoccupations. There is always loss in this, and the Catholic business or professional man, as a member of the Church Universal, has a particularly strong reason for keeping his mind open to wider horizons. Certainly it was never more necessary than now to follow world happenings. A direct chain of causes and effects ties every business to economical changes in the world, which are themselves as often the consequence as the cause of changes in men's political and social ideas. These ideas in their turn come out of the religions, or irreligions, of contemporary man.

In many countries the Catholic Church is at the heart of the battle of ideas. Cardinal Manning's saying that "all great quarrels between men are at bottom theological" suggests that there is, in fact, no better starting-point or background for understanding the modern world than a Catholic one. Because of this approach and background,

THE TABLET

is a weekly review unlike any other in this country, and more and more discerning readers find its value to them year by year. THE TABLET is obtainable from any news-agent, price 9d. weekly, or direct by post from the Publisher, 128 Sloane Street, London, S.W.1, price 42s. per annum, post free. Send a postcard for a specimen copy.

Colds, Flu?

How and why ANADIN relieves colds and 'flu so fast.

Anadin's balanced formula contains *four* different ingredients which work together to relieve the miseries of colds and 'flu; taken in time they will usually stop them right at the start.

QUICK ABSORPTION. *'Anadin' tablets disintegrate immediately they enter the stomach.*

IMMEDIATE RELIEF. *First to act is the pure aspirin. Its power relieves pain and brings down the temperature.*

LONG-TERM RELIEF. *The Phenacetin in 'Anadin' acts next, greatly to prolong the beneficial effects of the aspirin.*

SENSE OF WELL-BEING. *Colds and 'flu always bring depression but 'Anadin' includes Caffeine with a balancing trace of Quinine to exert a 'tonic' effect and induce an immediate feeling of well-being.*

For colds, 'flu and every kind of pain....

Nothing acts faster than* **ANADIN*

At all Chemists. 1/10d. and 3/8d.

'ANADIN' is a registered trade mark

THE MONTH

ORDER FORM

(if you wish to subscribe for a friend)

Date.....

Please send THE MONTH for 12 (6) months starting
with the.....number.

To.....

.....
with the greetings card inscribed with my name.

I enclose Cheque
Postal Order for 32s. 6d. (16s. 6d.) to cover cost.

From NAME.....

ADDRESS.....
.....

ORDER FORM

(if you wish to subscribe for yourself)

Please send me THE MONTH for 12 (6) months starting
with the.....number.

I enclose Cheque
Postal Order for.....to cover cost.

From NAME.....

ADDRESS.....
.....

Twelve issues, 32s. 6d. Six issues, 16s. 6d.

**The Editor, THE MONTH,
114 Mount Street, London, W.1.**



Lecture to nurses, Mater Misericordiae Hospital, Nov. 1953. Irish trained nurses are helping to relieve the shortage in U.K. hospitals

ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE **IRISH HOSPITALS' SWEEPSTAKES**

FOUNDED in 1930 for the benefit of the sick poor.

CONTROLLED by Acts of Parliament.

CONDUCTED by a voluntary committee representing the Hospitals of which Viscount Powerscourt is Chairman.

ADMINISTRATION of funds derived from the Sweepstake is by the Hospitals Commission which is responsible to the Ministry of Health.

MEDICAL EDUCATION—REPORT OF A PANEL OF UNITED STATES DOCTORS WHO EXAMINED METHODS OF IRISH TEACHING HOSPITALS in 1953:

"The Medical Schools of Eire have a long and distinguished history. They have graduated Physicians who have achieved lasting world recognition, given their contributions to medical science, and they have provided, out of all proportion to the size of the country and its resources, physicians for England, the Commonwealth and many other countries in all parts of the world.

"The great tradition of teaching which motivates so many of the leading Physicians in Eire, and the high ideals of the Physician-Patient relationship, to which the Irish profession is devoted and which is exemplified so admirably in clinical teaching in Eire, are qualities any country would be proud to claim for its own."

BENEFICIARIES of the Sweepstakes include the Red Cross Society which has received £291,147. The British Red Cross Society received £30,846.

PROGRAMME of Sweepstakes include:

The Grand National	} Races run in England.
The Derby	
The Cambridgeshire	

OVER £92 MILLIONS HAVE BEEN DISTRIBUTED IN PRIZES TO 147 TERRITORIES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

*For further particulars apply to the Secretary:
Irish Hospitals, 20 Merrion Road, Dublin.*



A Catholic **BOOKSHOP** **IN YOUR** **HOME**

There is probably not a Catholic Bookshop in your town, you can, however, have one carrying thousands of titles in your home!—Catholic Books are essential to Catholic life.

"Ducketts Register," 6d. monthly (6s. per annum, \$1 U.S.A.)—post free—lists all the new and reprinted Catholic books. Write to Duckett's for a specimen copy or a list on any subject in which you are interested. Both will be sent to you free.

Alternatively choose any book reviewed or advertised in this magazine, and send your order to Duckett's. No need for references or correspondence. Just open an account by sending your order. The book will come to you strongly packed, by return post. Postage ranges from 6d. on a small book to 1s. on a large book.

TEL.
TEM. BAR
3008.

Duckett

TELEGRAMS:
"GALLOW'S"
ESTRAND

THE CATHOLIC BOOK CENTRE

140 STRAND LONDON W.C.2

Jacqmar

Exclusive fabrics,
scarves and
couture Ready-to-Wear



LONDON • PARIS • NEW YORK

16 Grosvenor Street, London, W.1 Mayfair 6111